ALCILIA

Philoparthen's Louing Follie.

(1595.)

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EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS,
BY THE
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART, LL.D., F.S.A.,
ST. GEORGE'S, BLACKBURN, LANCASHIRE.

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INTRODUCTION.

I Had intended including in these Occasional Issues the Poems of THOMAS NEWTON younger (so named in order to distinguish him from a contemporary THOMAS NEWTON, Latin Poet and Translator and Adapter), viz.:—

(*a*) Atropoïon Delion,
or,
The death of Delia:
With the Teares of her Funerall.
A Poeticall Excursiue Discourse
of our late Eliza.
T. N. G[entleman].
Quis eius oblitus.
Imprinted at London for W. Johnes
at the signe of the Gunne, neare
Holborne Conduit, 1603. (4to).

(*b*) A pleasant new History:
or,
a fragrant Posie made of three Flowers;
Rosa, Rosalynd, and Rosemary.
Lond. 1604. (4to).

I have been constrained to abandon my intention because (1) I have since found that *Atropoïon Delion* is already accessible in a fairly accurate reprint in Nichols' *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* (vol. iii). (2) Though *A pleasant new History* is recorded by ANTHONY A-WOOD (*Athenæ, s.n.*, Thomas Newton (*Elder*))—and his entry copied by Mr. W. C. Hazlitt and other Bibliographers—no exemplar of it is known either in public or private Libraries. I had an impression that I had seen and read it in the Bodleian; but on searching there I discovered that only *Atropoïon Delion* is in that Library (apparently unique). It is much to be wished from its (probable) bearing on SIR ROBERT CHESTER'S *Love's Martyr or Rosalins Complaint* (1601) and otherwise, that the *Pleasant new History* were forthcoming and available. But

ad interim, at any rate, I believe it will be allowed that it was expedient not to reproduce *Atropoïon Delion* by itself, though in various ways it is an interesting poem.

This being so, I had no difficulty in deciding on a substitute, viz., *Alcilia*, which I now introduce. By that good fortune which has so very often befriended me, in my 'labour of love' on these ancient Worthies, I found that I had a friend in Hamburg who might be trusted — alike from capacity and sympathy — to furnish me with a *verbatim et literatim et punctatim* transcript of the unique exemplar of the original edition of this extremely noticeable set of Poems. I had read and re-read later texts; but coveted the Author's own. My request for such a transcript was cordially responded to; and I wish here to express my obligation to Mr. B. S. LEESON, HAMBURG, for his scholarly and patient execution of my commission, and for his equally painstaking and sympathetic collation and re-collation of the proof-sheets.

Besides the advantage of being the first or original edition, the Hamburg exemplar has certain *MS.* corrections and notings, that if they (in part) add to former difficulties in determining the authorship of *Alcilia*, none the less deserve attention. First of all, on the last leaf (upside down) in a contemporary handwriting (16th century or early in 17th) there is this inscription:

Edmund Stubbing his booke
Ex dono Do^ris^ Clapham.

In the recollection that the initials placed at the end of *Alcilia* in all its editions, are 'J. C.' or 'I. C.,' one inevitably jumps to the conclusion that the 'C' must be represented by the donor of the book 'Dr. Clapham.' I can therefore sympathize with Dr. WILLIAM WAGNER of Hamburg's testy exclamation, 'Why has not fate preserved the Christian name of Clapham? Did it begin with J?'* But un-

* See on his reprint of *Alcilia* onward.

luckily for this convenient and most likely-looking little theory, the *MS.* corrector — who certainly was the donor as well (viz., Dr. Clapham) — among his corrections, has deftly and neatly changed the initials from J. C. into 'J. G.,' so that if his authority is to be accepted, the actual author must be sought among contemporary 'J. G.'s,' not 'J. C.'s.' This much at least results, that Mr. J. PAYNE COLLIER'S assignation of *Alcilia* to JOHN CHALKHILL, the friend of SPENSER earlier and of ISAACK WALTON later, and the poet of 'Thealma and Clearchus' (1683), is hereby rendered still more improbable or rather impossible. I have re-read 'Thealma aud Clearchus' carefully and with full memory of 'Alcilia' all along; and I have no hesitation in avowing my disbelief of the alleged Chalkhill authorship of 'Alcilia.' In no slightest element or characteristic is there aught common to the two books. J. C. or J. G. was incapable *(meo judicio)* of so sustained a flight as 'Thealma and Clearchus,' and JOHN CHALKHILL was still more incapable of the grace, the tenderness, the sweetness, the subtlety of J. C. or J. G. in 'Alcilia.' Mr. Collier's misassignation would probably have been prevented had he been aware that 'Alcilia' was not "first printed" in 1613, as he supposed, but in 1595, and that the 'Letter' signed 'Philaretes' appeared in the 1595 edition, *i.e.*, when Walton (whom he imagines to have been 'Philaretes') was in his second year!

Dr. Wagner's explanation of the change from C to G thus runs: "We here find ourselves face to face with an enigma. The Hamburg copy likewise exhibits a considerable number of textual corrections, which we have noticed in their places. They are all in the same ink as the stroke added to the original C. Was the worthy Dr. Clapham the author of these corrections? Nay can *he* have been the author of the Alcilia? Did he thus make a present of his own work to friend Stubbing? and is it possible that to prevent the latter from divining the author of the book, that he himself altered the C to G? Or were the initials of the author really J. G.?" &c., &c.

It is clear that at present and until something is recovered or discovered of 'Doctor Clapham,' we have not material for deciding, either between J. C. or J. G. or on the name represented by these initials; nor can we pronounce on the writer of the Letter signed 'Philaretes'—too early for Wither *(Philarete).* Dr. WILLIAM WAGNER has transferred to his pleasant little Introduction to his reprint of *Alcilia*—of which more in the sequel—various title-pages of unseen books, from the Bibliographers. Such guess-work is uncritical and not to be imitated.

I have next to notice the *MS.* corrections by Dr. Clapham:

(1.) Page 7, l. 13, 'the' is changed to '*these* paines.'
(2.) „ 12, st. iv, l. 4, a misprinted 'of' after 'life' is erased.
(3.) „ 25, margin, the misprint 'Softit' is corrected to 'Solſtit.'
(4.) „ 29, st. lvi, l. 4, 'his' is altered to 'hir'—a quiet but somewhat *malapropos* gird at (supposed) feminine loquacity.
(5.) „ 30, st. lvii, l. 1, 'sprigges' is corrected into the singular 'sprigge.'
(6.) „ 37, l. 19. 'wits' is changed into the singular 'wit.'
(7.) „ 39, l. 21, 'petitions' is changed into 'petition.'
(8.) „ 41, l. 14, 'To' is changed to 'Tho.'
(9.) „ 42, heading, the 'ſ' in 'Deſciphered' is crossed out.
(10.) „ 44, l. 17, 'deſert' is corrected to 'deſart,' to rhyme with 'part.'
(11.) „ 47, l. 20, the original 'exceped' is altered to 'excepted.'
(12.) „ 54, st. xvi, l. 2, 'lookes'—an evident misprint, is converted into 'lookers.'
(13.) *ibid.* st. xvii, the commas after 'feare' and 'ioy' are supplied.

To me these look like Author's own corrections. Such *minutiæ* no third party would be likely to look after. Hence I lean to the probability that Dr. Clapham was the author. ENOCH or HENOCH CLAPHAM, a contemporary sacred rhymster rather than poet, never was 'doctor,' I believe.

With reference to these corrections, which my friend Mr. Leeson reports—after critical examination—correspond exactly with the gift-inscription, and so are to be assigned without Dr. Wagner's query to Clapham—the first is pronounced by Dr. Wagner to be "unnecessarily altered." I differ from him—'these' is certainly preferable to 'the.' Of No. 5, Dr. Wagner writes: "Notwithstanding the singu-

lar forms in the third and fourth lines of this stanza, we are not justified in adopting the reading of the corrector, who, by crossing out the last letter, has changed the plural *Sprigges* into the singular. Instances of such anomalies are frequent in contemporary poets." The 'anomaly' is granted as 'frequent,' but none the less was the correction justifiable. No. 6 Dr. Wagner again pronounces an 'unnecessary change,' and refers to p. 42, l. 10, 'Oft witts proue beſt, that's deareſt bought.' Surely the non-correction of the latter by inadvertence probably, does not warrant our acceptance of the preferable, if not absolutely necessary, change from plural to singular? Under No. 8, Dr. Wagner remarks: "The reading of the original is so to be understood that the relative *which* must be understood after *judgement.*" But why refuse the correction of 'tho'? It is continued, and repeated, from the 'though' two lines back. But with 'To' retained the meaning would be = till. The others, though not — and properly — all adopted in the text, seem to have been approved by Dr. Wagner. They vindicate themselves, I should say.

Besides our text of 1595, there have been these further editions:

(*a*) Alcilia Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura and other Epigrammes by Sir I. H. and others. Neuer before imprinted. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neare Serjeants-Inne. 1613. (4to, 48 leaves.)

(*b*) Alcilia. Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. London. Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619. (Sm. 8vo.)

(*c*) Alcilia. Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. And also Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. The second impression. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serjeants Inne. 1628. (4to.)

(*d*) An edition "Printed and sold by William Leake at the Crown and Scepter between the Two Temple Gates,"

about 1643, is advertised as published on a separate leaf pasted into a copy of the Compleat Justice. 1643. (12mo.) (Hazlitt's Handbook, *s. n.*)

Of *a* and *b* there are exemplars in the British Museum Library; of *c* in the Bodleian; of *d* none has been traced. Everybody knows that of the additional poems in these editions 'Pigmalion's Image' belongs to JOHN MARSTON, the 'Epigrams' to Sir JOHN HARINGTON, and 'Amos and Laura'—a wretched production—to SAMUEL PAGE.*

For a modern and creditably painstaking reproduction of *Alcilia,* we are indebted to a German, who has done and is doing yeoman's service in Elizabethan-Shakesperean fields of literature—Dr. WILLIAM WAGNER. I have the pleasure to possess a copy. The title-page is as follows:

ALCILIA
Philoparthens Louing
Follie.
Non Deus (vt perhibent) amor eſt, ſed amaror, et error.
1595.

Nach dem einzigen Exemplar der ältesten Ausgabe in der Hamburger Stadtbiblisthek
herausgegeben und eingeleitet
von
Wilhelm Wagner.

Separat-Abdruck aus dem Shakespeare-Jahrbuch Band X.

Köthen
Druck von Paul Schettler
1875. (pp. 46, la. 8vo.)

* In the Stationers' *Register* (Arber., vol. iii, p. 478), is the following entry (none under 1595 or before this):

"ALCILLA PHILOPARTHENS louinge follye.

Provyded that if Master Mattes do pay to Master Barnes xxv[s] att or before Whitsunday nexte [3 May 1611] then Master Barnes to assigne these Copyes [= copyrights] backe agayne to Master Mattes."

Again (*ibid.* p. 533):

"a booke Called Alcilia, and the Metamorphosis of PIGMALIONS IMAGE," under date 11 October 1613, is "turned ouer" to Richard Hawkins

I give in English — with intercalatory criticisms and corrections—the Introduction of Dr. WAGNER in full (not wishing to break its completeness by excising *bits* already quoted) as an appendix to my own; and I have inserted in my Notes and Illustrations his few Notes in so far as they have not been noticed in relation to the Corrections of Dr. Clapham. I know not that every Reader will agree with all Dr. Wagner's criticisms of *Alcilia*; but I am equally sure none will read them without interest. I confess that it is satisfying to myself to be the first to wipe away the reproach of a Foreigner's reviving a set of English poems that have been neglected by Englishmen. 'Loue Defciphered' (pp. 42-46) would alone justify a claim for distinct recognition of J. C. or J. G. as a genuine Maker and Singer. There is the real touch in this pretty and gracious and passionate poem. Beyond all debate there is a real love-experience in *Alcilia*. In 'A Letter' (p. 3, l. 14), the phrase 'in that you loued fuch a one' could only intend a real and known person. So that the Latin poem (pp. 5-6) must be read *cum grano salis*. That Latin poem may as well 'speak English' at this point:

The Author himself (Philopartheos?) to his own book.

O little book about to tell thy Master's labours vain,
His nights of sleepless restlessness & days of anxious pain;
His wanderings & the weariness of a dejected life,
With joys uncertain, but with sorrows all too certain, rife;
The sighings, & complainings, the vows, and watchful care,
And all the various hardships Love summoned me to bear;
Go to the Cruel One I pray, and this bold message take —
That all these pains I have endured entirely for her sake.
A pleased & blushing welcome she is sure to give to thee,
When on the title-page inscribed, her own name she shall see.
Perhaps for all my sorrows her pitying tears will flow,
And she will say how she laments she did desert me so —
Perhaps she will declare herself too cruel and unkind,

by "Edward Mattes and Roger Barnes by the Consent of the Courte of Assistantes."

Agreeably to this, in the same year, Haukins or Hawkins published the two books together, so forming *a* as *supra*.

Since with due care she had not viewed my true & constant mind.
If this indeed shall come to pass 'twill solace much thy lord,
And unto thee it will be like the most supreme reward.
If any one, as is most just, shall blame thy foolish fires,
The barren fruits of slothfulness & empty vain desires;
Say that thy lord has blindly groped, but now that even he
The error of his way at length with penitence can see;
That not in grave reality such sorrows I sustained
But that for idle pleasure full many of them were feigned.
Ah, if my thoughts had not been vain, it had been much the best
If all these things had buried been within my secret breast.
How vain to bring forth to the light or publish to mankind
The foolish madness of thy lord, with his night-darkened mind.
Love is nought else than a disease of mind, & error too,
And whosoever falls in love, nought wise or well can do.
Not everyone is always wise, or the best course can see;
What lately was my error, another's case may be;
More warily he walks indeed, who never slips, & I
For my own foolish fault shall now proceed more warily.
If any think my suffering is greater than my sin,
My ready commendation he shall be sure to win.
If anyone shall see thee, who with like fires doth pine,
His own fate he shall weep for, & he shall weep for mine.
Respect unto my Mistress dear, see that thou humbly show,
The chiefest duty this will be on which thou hast to go.
Thee in her secret box perchance securely she will hide,
And thou of cheerful sunlight robbed henceforth must needs abide.
It will not matter, I confess my love has foolish been,
Of all my disappointed hopes the last will then be seen.
Twice had the sun, in his due course shed his earth-circling rays,
The witness of my wanderings wide, & all my foolish ways,
From that first hour when Love began to penetrate my veins,
And with his cunning wit kept up the false & fiery pains.
Trifles I cease to follow now, allured by Reason's voice,
Henceforth more serious thoughts be mine, more useful things my choice!

In the other poems there are occasional gleams of fancy and dainty word-painting, and if one takes heed, aphorisms worth committing to memory. Let the Reader turn to st. v (p. 12), st. xviii (p. 17), st. xxiii (p. 18, and cf. Thomas Howell), st. xxiiii (p. 19), st. xxvii-xxix (p. 20), st. xxxii (p. 21), st. xxxv (p. 22). st. xl (p. 24), st. liii (p. 28), st. lvi (p. 29), st. lxi (p. 31), all page 39, all 'Last Will' (pp. 47-

48). Then besides intrinsic merits there are now and again extrinsic *notabilia.* Thus Dr. WAGNER has anticipated me in recalling certain SHAKESPEARE illustrations and one of SIR WALTER RALEIGH. To the Shakespeare ones, I would add over-against the closing stanza a reference to 'The Passionate Pilgrim' (xix, l. 5), "Let reason rule things worthy blame." The thought here is similar, though they differ in two points, (1) The Passionate Pilgrim's is a maxim and general, (2) J. C.'s or J. G.'s is that a thing has been done in reference, however, only to errors of love. The passages on 'Beauty' and 'Love' in *Alcilia* instantly remind of other parallels in Shakespeare.* The Reader may like to compare 'Loue Defciphered' and other 'love' portions with the little snatch by George Peele, as thus:—

What thing is love?—for sure love is a thing;—
Love is a prick, love is a sting,
Love is a pretty, pretty thing;
Love is a fire, love is a coal,
Whose flame creeps in at every hole;
And, as myself can best devise,
His dwelling is in ladies eyes;
From whence he shoots his dainty darts
Into the lusty gallants' hearts;
And ever since was called a God
That Mars with Venus play'd even and odd.
(*Works of Peele*, edn. Dyce, 1861, p. 603*a*).

Still more suggestively parallel is a Sonnetto (so-called) in Robert Greene's *Menaphon* (1589-1616), as thus:—

What thing is Love? It is a power divine
That reigns in us, or else a wreakful law
That dooms our minds to beauty to incline:
It is a star whose influence doth draw
Our hearts to Love, dissembling of his might,
Till he be master of our heart and sight.

* I note here, st. v (p, 50), "And after long errors proues my labour lost." 'Labour lost' was a common, almost proverbial, phrase; but looking to the date (1595) and to the 'love' where he pronounces his 'labour' was 'lost,' it may be conjectured that Shakespeare's play suggested the phrase, especially if with Malone we date it 1594 or earlier. The worst of it is that 'The Passionate Pilgrim' is an unauthentic and grossly blundering miscellany.

Love is a discord, and a strange divorce
Betwixt our sense and reason, by whose power,
As mad with reason, we admit the force
Which wit or labour never may devour:
  It is a will that brooketh no consent;
  It would refuse, yet never may repent.

Love's a desire, which, for to wait a time,
Doth lose an age of years, and so doth pass,
As doth the shadow, sever'd from his prime,
Seeming as though it were, yet never was;
  Leaving behind nought but repenting thoughts
  Of days ill-spent, for that which profits noughts.

It's now a peace, and then a sudden war;
A hope consum'd before it is conceiv'd;
At hand it feares, and menaceth afar;
And he that gains is most of all deceiv'd;
  It is a secret hidden and not known,
  Which one may better feel than write upon.*

So too in his 'Sonnet' in "Perimedes the Blacksmith," 1588, placed beside "Loue's Accusation," &c. (pp. 33–34 and onward), from "Moſt Sacred Queen" (l. 9).†

In Cyprus sat fair Venus by a fount,
  Wanton Adonis toying on her knee:
She kiss'd the wag, her darling of account;
  The boy 'gan blush; which when her lover see,
She smil'd, and told him loue might challenge debt,
And he was young, and might be wanton yet.

The boy wax'd bold, firèd by fond desire,
  That woo he could and court her with conceit:
Reason spied this, and sought to quench the fire
  With cold disdain; but wily Adon straight
Cheer'd up the flame, and said "good sir, what let?
I am but young, and may be wanton yet."

Reason replied, that beauty was a bane
  To such as feed their fancy with fond love;
That when sweet youth with lust is ouerta'en,
  It rues in age: this could not Adon move,

* Greene's Dram. and Poet. Works, edition Dyce (1861), pp. 291–2.

† "Cor—hath that name of cura, busines, for therein is all businesse and cause of wit and of knowing." (Batman, l. v, c. 36.) Hence the phrase 'heart of man can conceive.'

For Venus taught him still this rest to set,
That he was young, and might be wanton yet.

Where Venus strikes with beauty to the quick,
It little 'vails sage Reason to reply;
Few are the cares for such as are loue-sick,
But loue: then, though I wanton it awry,
And play the wag, from Adon this I get,—
I am but young, and may be wanton yet.*

But by far the most curious and amusing illustration to be fetched from *Alcilia* is in st. xxxiii (p. 22):

O well were it, if *Nature* would deuife,
That men with men together might engender,
As graftes of trees one from another rife.
Then nought of due to wemē fhould we render:
But vaine conceit, that *Nature* fhould do this,
Since well we know, her felfe a woman is.

Compare with this SIR THOMAS BROWNE in his *Religio Medici* (§. ix): "Man is the whole world, and the breath of God; woman the rib, and crooked piece of man. I could be content that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition: it is the foolishest act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will more deject his cooled imagination, when he shall consider what an odd and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed." *Religio Medici* was not published until 1642, or nearly half a century subsequent to *Alcilia.* Editors refer to MONTAIGNE..... *Essaies* l, iii, c. 5; and probably he was the source of both J. C. or J. G.'s and Sir Thomas's singular wish. The good knight's contemporaries had many a broad jest at his expense when he did marry —with the usual results.

It is somewhat noticeable that, in st. xlviii (p. 27), the quotation which remains unverified in Chaucer—("Vncouth

* As before, p. 293. I am at the moment dependent on Dyce, reviving my ever-recurring regret that an editor so masterly modernized the orthography, &c., &c., of his editions, thus practically requiring that, sooner or later, all he did shall be done over again.

vnkist our auncient Poet ſaid. *Chaucer*":) is similarly quoted and similarly given to Chaucer elsewhere and early. I have a distinct remembrance of meeting with it. My impression was that it was in Spenser; but I have looked and better looked in him for it, in vain, as have several literary friends.

I have found the benefit in this case, as in many others, of going back to a first edition. The later of *Alcilia* have many mistakes and misprints. I name only a typical one (1613), viz., in p. 11, heading, l. 5 is dropped. It will be seen that in a number of places there are what we would call to-day quotation marks on the margin. But while I do not know exactly when our usage was introduced, I am quite sure it was not until long subsequent to *Alcilia.* Emphasis or noticeableness are intended by the *Alcilia* '"'. In connection with this it is to be noted that where the text translates Latin or Italian quotations placed in the margin, the '"' never occur.

And now I feel well assured that *Alcilia* will receive a cordial welcome from my select constituency of Subscribers. I commend the continuation of this Introduction from Dr. Wagner, as before explained.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

St. George's Vestry, Blackburn,
November 1879.

POSTSCRIPT.—*Philoparthens* and *Philaretes* being both of Greek origin, I suppose we must look for *Alcilia* in Greek also. We have αλκω and αλκεω I repel, ward off. This would suit her as a repeller of his suit, and Alc-ilia or Alci-lia, might be a euphonious feminine name coined from it, having Breton's Mauilia, &c., &c., as its type. Against this is the fact that the only noun, a masculine one signifying repeller, is αλκτὴς, whence we ought to have Alcitera or Alcitra. Probably, however, euphony and a likeness to the feminine *ancilla* carried the point, and αλκεω gives the derivation. Perhaps if we could get at the facts of the wooing

and rejection — for unquestionably spite of disavowals there were real persons in both — we should discover that 'Alcilia' was only a slight change of some fair lady's actual name of 'Alicia,' a not at all unfrequent Elizabethan-Jacobean name. I have just noted it in the descent of Richard James, the poet of *Iter Lancastrense*, viz., "Alicia filia Willi. Porter filii Nicolai Porter."

APPENDIX

From Dr. Wagner's 'Alcilia' (1875).

Alcilia
Philoparthens Louing
Follie
Non Deus (vt perhibent) amar est, sed amaror, et error.
1595.
From the only existing copy of the earliest edition
in the Town Library, Hamburg.
Edited with an Introduction
by
William Wagner.
Separate-reprint from the Shakespeare-Annual. Vol. X.
Kōthen
Paul Schettler
1875

ALCILIA.

A Collection of Poems from the year 1595.
From the only existing copy in the Hamburg Town Library.
Edited with an Introduction
by
William Wagner.

J. Payne Collier has the merit of first directing public attention to the anonymous collection of poetry here published for the readers of the Shakespeare Annual. In his Poetical Decameron, vol. ii. (1820) p. 112 and 116–120, he gives some detached specimens of the Alcilia, without however entering into any further bibliographical notice. The

words of Morton (p. 119), one of the friends represented as conversing together in the Decameron, may be regarded as Collier's own opinion: "*We are much obliged to you for introducing us to a poet who can write with so much ease and delicacy.*" We must moreover remark that Collier had at that time (1820) no idea of the probable author, for the question (p. 116): "*Have you any conjecture who is meant by Philoparthen?*" is answered: "*I have not, nor do I find any clue in the production.*" Collier must consequently *at that time* have overlooked the final initials J. C. found in all the later editions of which copies are extant in England. In his later work, indeed, "A Bibliographical and Critical Account of the Rarest Books in the English Language," I. 117–118, he says: "*There is some reason for assigning to Chalkhill a collection of small poems under the title of 'Alcilia, Philoparthens louing Folly,' which was first printed in* 4*to* 1613 *in a volume with Marston's 'Pigmalion's Image' and 'The Love of Amos and Laura'*" (which is not by Chalkhill). "*The last af these is dedicated to Iz. Wa. or Izaac Walton, which connects him with the publication; and at the end of the first piece are the initials J. C., which perhaps were those of John Chalkhill. There were subsequent editions of 'Alcilia' in 8vo* 1619, *and* 4*to* 1628, *and it certainly deserved considerable popularity for the 'smooth and easy verse,' in which it is written, a quality imputed by Walton to Chalkhill's poetry.*" Collier then conjectures that the *Philaretes* whose name is subjoined to the Letter to the Author at the beginning of the collection, is Walton himself, "*who, nearly sixty years afterwards, edited Thealma and Clearchus.*" This is all *guesswork*, undeserving of further appreciation.

The first edition of Alcilia (1595), of which there is a copy in the Town Library at Hamburg, seems entirely unknown in England. The following editions are entered in Hazlitt's Handbook.

(*a*) Alcilia. Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura and other Epigrammes,

by Sir I. H. and others. Neuer before imprinted. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery-lane, neare Serjeants-Inne. 1613. 4to, 48 leaves. A copy (Bright, 1845) with 2 leaves wanting, was purchased at 3*l.* 10*s.* for Mr. Corser, author of the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* (1860), from whose library it passed into that of the British Museum.

(*b*) Alcilia. Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. London. Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serieants Inne. 1619. Small 8vo. The only known copy of this edition is in the British Museum.

(*c*) Alcilia. Philoparthens Louing Folly. Whereunto is added Pigmalions Image. With the Loue of Amos and Laura. And also Epigrammes by Sir J. H. and others. The second impression. London: Printed for Richard Hawkins, dwelling in Chancery Lane, neere Serjeants Inne. 1628. 4to. One copy in the Bodleian Library. Another sold at Harvard's Sale 1858, for 3*l.* 11*s.* Evidently a later edition of *a*.

(*d*) An edition "Printed and sold by William Leake at the Crown and Scepter between the Two Temple Gates," about 1643, is advertised as published on a separate leaf pasted into a copy of the Compleat Justice 1643. 12mo.

I am moreover indebted to the kindness of my esteemed friend F. J. Furnivall, Director of the New Shakspere Society, for a reference to Corser's Description of Alcilia (1613) in his Collect. Ang. Poet. I, 15-27. His notice of the edition of 1628 is more succinct.

From all these discussions, borrowed from such careful investigators as Hazlitt and Corser, it may confidently be asserted that in the Alcilia of 1595, the Town Library of Hamburg possesses an unique copy.

This copy is a small 4to, consisting of 31 unpaged leaves, title included. In my reprint, I have not reckoned the latter in the marginal pagination. On the last leaf, but upside down, in a hand decidedly bearing the stamp of the 16th or beginning of the 17th ct. is entered the name of a former owner:

Edmund Stubbing his booke
Ex dono Do[ris] Clapham

and on the title-page itself, beneath the date, a later owner

has inscribed his name: J. Langermenn D R (LL.D.) 1755. According to a communication of Herr von Dommer, assistant Librarian at Hamburg, this name is found in many of the books of the Library. Dr. Langermann was a lawyer who bequeathed his library to the State of Hamburg in the latter half of the last century. It would probably be a waste of time to investigate the manner in which the volume passed from the possession of Edmund Stubbing, and into the hands of Dr. Langermann. At all events it is in the same [parchment] binding given it by its first owner Stubbing, or by the original donor Dr. Clapham.

With regard to the author of the poems, the Hamburg copy of the first edition only tends to raise new doubts. For if, according to Collier, the 4 editions hitherto known have the initials J. C. at the end of the respective volumes (according to a communication of Furnivall's it is J. C. in the edition of 1613 and I. C. in that of 1619)—the Hamburg copy has indeed at first sight J. G. but on further examination, it appears that these were originally J. C. but by the addition of a well-imitated stroke of the pen the C has been changed into a G (G).

We here find ourselves face to face with an enigma.

The Hamburg copy likewise exhibits a considerable number of textual corrections which we have noticed in their respective places. They are all in the same ink as the stroke added to the original C. Was the worthy Dr. Clapham the author of these corrections? Nay, can *he* have been the author of the Alcilia? Did he thus make a present of his own work to Friend Stubbing, and is it possible that, to prevent the latter from divining the author of the book, that he himself altered the C to G? Why has not Fate preserved the Christian name of Clapham? Did it begin with J?

Or were the initials of the author really J. G.? In this case many conjectures might be formed, and we should be able to come forward with a little hypothesis to assign a

name at least, if not a '*local habitation*,' to the author of the Alcilia. In the literature of the period the initials J.G. are in several cases employed to designate the author of other works. We think we have sufficiently complete notes on the subject to justify us in communicating our materials, and thereby giving encouragement to further research.

The following two treatises are found in the British Museum :

(1) M. Some laid open in his coulers: wherein the indifferent reader may easily see, how wretchedly and loosely he hath handled the cause against M. Penry. Done by an Oxford man to his friend in Cambridge. The letters J. G. are found at the end of the little work, the date and place of printing of which are uncertain, although London 1588 is conjectured. I have no data as to the contents.

(2) A Refutation of the Apology for Actors (by Thomas Heywood), divided into three briefe treatises. Wherein is confuted all the chiefe groundes — alleaged in defence of Playes: and withall in each treatise is deciphered Actors. 1. Heathenish and diabolicall institution. 2. Their ancient and modern indignitie. 3. The wonderfull abuse of their impious qualitie. By J. G. London. 1615. 4to.

Quite in accordance with what we might expect from the author of the Alcilia, would be a poem the title of which we borrow from Hazlitt's Handbook:

G. (J.) An Apologie for Women-kinde. At London. Printed by Ed. Alde for William Ferbrand. 1605, 4to. It would be interesting to compare this poem with Alcilia, but I have had no opportunity of doing so.

The following notice might lead to a full name, if not to an individual otherwise known. My attention has been called to it by Furnivall:

Affrican and Mensola.—*A Famous tragicall discourse of two lovers, Affrican and Mensola, their lives, infortunate loves, and lamentable deaths, together with the of-spring of the Florentines. A History no lesse pleasant then full of recreation and delight. Newly translated out of Tuscan into French by Anthony Guerin, domino Creste. And out of French into English by Jo. Gouborne.* At London Printed by Ja. R. for William Blackman, dwelling neere the great North doore of Paules. 1597. 4to, 44 leaves.

According to Collier, from whose Bibliographical and

Critical Account, etc., I. 13, we derive this title, this is *a prose romance, written in an affected style, and the languid story devoid of interest. A young shepherd named Affrican falls in love with a nymph of Diana whom he long in vain pursues, but at length, in female attire, deflowers her, and finally kills himself. Of Mensola is born Pruneo, who is represented as the original, or "ofspring," of the Florentines. The description of the half-willing and half-unwilling rape upon the heroine is sufficiently prurient, and must have constituted the chief attraction of the performance. Of Jo. Goubourne we have no other trace, and at the close is printed "Thus endeth Maister John Bocace to his Flossolan: Data fata secutus." It is dedicated by I. G. "to the vertuous gentleman Maister Frances Versaline": then comes an address "To the Reader health," and a page headed "The author disireth the favour of his Mistris." "A Table of Contents" gives the titles of the* 18 *tedious chapters of which the romance consists. The whole merits notice only on account of its extreme rarity.*

Although Collier's description of this tale excites no very favorable opinion of the work or its author, and although we have not perused the former, we might (as a mere guess) assume the identity of this John Goubourne with the I. G. of our Alcilia, if indeed there were any authority for these initials. As however there is no proving this supposition, the whole theory falls to pieces like a house of cards.

With more certainty we may advance remarks on the education and attainments of our author. With regard to these the first fact which strikes us, is the marginal quotations, no fewer than five of which are Italian:

Ne amor ne signoria vuole compagnia.
Sonn. L. p. 27.

Chi non si fida, non viene ingannato.
Sonn. 1. (Second Series) p. 49.

Chi non fa, non falla, chi falla l'amendn
(must be s'amenda).
Sonn. 2, XIII. p. 57.

Chi va e ritorna, fa buon viaggio.
Sonn. 2. XV. p. 54.

Quanto piace all mondo, è breve sogno.
Sonn. 2. XXXVIIII. p. 62.

This Italian learning is perfectly in keeping with the culture of the time, as it appears in the sonnets of the Elizabethan period.

Were we to form an idea of its author from the 'Alcilia' (necessarily comprising an appreciation of the production itself) we should arrive at the following conclusions.

Our poet is evidently a highly educated, in some degree a learned man. Proofs of this are, first the Latin verses prefixed to his 'sonnets,' on the whole correct and pleasing, although we cannot pass over the blunder (l. 7) cŏmiter for cōmiter.

The Latin quotations in the margin likewise attest the classical education of our poet. The only classic author indeed quoted by name is Martial (Sonn. LIX. p. 30), but there are likewise well-known quotations from Virgil (Sonn. I. p. 11), Ovid (Sonn. 2. XXX. p. 21), and other anonymous poets (Sonn. 2. XXXVI. p. 23, and 2. LX. p. 31). Common Latin adages likewise occur, e.gr. 'meritum petere grave' (Sonn. XXX. p. 21); 'nemini datur amare simul et sapere' (p. 8); 'alteri inserviens me ipsum conficio' (Sonn. LX. p. 31), no doubt derived rather from anthologies or gnomologies of the time than from his own reading. The latter may be safely asserted of the saying of Diogenes the Cynic, 'amor est otiosorum negotium' quoted in the margin of Sonn. XXXVI. (p. 23), which is to be referred to a Greek source, with which our author can scarcely have been acquainted: Diogenes Laertius VI, 2, 51 (Tauchn. vol. I. p. 271), *τὸν ἔρωτα ἀσχολίαν* (*εἶναι ἔλεγεν ὁ Διογένης*).

In support, however, of our assumption that the author of the 'Alcilia' was not actually a man of learning, but one who, after receiving a university education, entered on practical life, and had an aversion to all ostentation of learning,

we must refer to the comparatively sparing use he makes of the classical Mythology. This is the more striking, if we consider that in the style of the period mythological allusions were most favourite ornaments, and often carried to an excess. As far as I can see, the only instances of the kind in the 'Alcilia' are the three Graces (Sonn. XIV, p. 15), Phœbus (Sonn. XVI. p. 16), Jupiter and Ganymede (Sonn. XVI. p. 16), and Icarus (p. 38, l. 13).

On the whole, artlessness and simplicity may be specified as the principal merits of the 'Alcilia.' The style is throughout clear and perspicuous, so that this circumstance alone must have ensured a certain popularity at the period of its appearance. The list of editions given above confirms this assumption. The poet cannot, however, have had much command of language, as we shall presently show. This is, however, only apparent on a nearer examination of his rhymes and other poetical expedients. The first (and with the public at large decisive) impression, remains that of pleasing simplicity and perspicuity. Sometimes however he descends to vulgarisms, as in the popular expression '*at six and seven*" Sonn. 2, XVIII, p. 55, used in what appears to us an incongruous manner. [I intercalate that 'six and seven' was no vulgarism at the period, and that words and phrases of the educated in one age become deteriorated and vulgarized in another.]

The metre of the sonnets is indescribably simple. Indeed, if we compare it with the severe structure of the Italian sonnet, or even with the less rigorous, at times careless usage of the Elizabethan poets, we shall see that the author of the 'Alcilia' has taken it very easy. No one but himself and a few complacent friends would apply the proud appellation of 'sonnets' to these six-lined stanzas. The negligent idiom of the period may, however, serve as an excuse, and we forbear further censure.

The rhythm is often stiff, and, compared with the improved usage of later poets, faulty. As an instance we may quote the line (Sonn. XIII. p. 15):

Her body is straight slénder ánd upright,

which would be universally censured at present, and would have been shunned even in the seventeenth century by more careful poets. Our author's contemporaries probably overlooked its faultiness.

The rhymes are wearisomely monotonous, and in this respect our author's poetical culture appears very defective. He uses the same rhymes again and again. I have nearly exhausted my patience in counting these repetitions, but some of them may here be mentioned. Of course the word *love* must repeatedly occur in amatory poetry. We find consequently *prove* rhyming (incorrectly though usual) with *love* at least six times; *love* with *prove* three times; *proved* with *loved* twice; *loved* with *proved* three times; *proved* with *beloved* once.* Again we have *move* rhyming with *love* and *vice versâ*, and *moved* with *loved*. Again *dart* with *heart* twice, and *smart* with *heart* four times. I find, moreover, *again* rhyming with *pain* four times, and *vice versâ* once; likewise *gain-pain* once. Other easy rhymes of frequent occurrence are *feature* and *creature*; *cure* and *endure*; *heart* and *part* (frequent); *vain* and *pain*; *grief* and *relief*; *fire* and *desire*; *regard* and *reward* (at least three times); *past* and *last*; *hateful* and *ungrateful* (twice). Other instances of *careless* rhymes are *greater* and *detter* (p. 8, ll. 17-18); *have* and *crave* (p. 16, xvii, ll. 5-6, and p. 39, ll. 21-22); so likewise *crave it* and *have it* (p. 40, ll. 7-8), and *crave* and *have* (p. 57, xxv, ll. 2 and 4). Furthermore *found* and *wound* ('vulnus') (p. 18, xxi, ll. 5-6); *good* and *blood* (p. 48, ll. 8-9); *bloom* and *come* (p. 58, xxviii, ll. 2 and 4); *miscarrie* and *wary* (p. 45, ll. 3-4); *past* and *waste* (p. 57, xxiii, ll. 1 and 3); *desert* and *part* (p. 44, ll. 17-18).† Instances like

* I note that it is self-evident that the vowel o had then the same sound in 'love' as in 'moue' and 'proue.' Cf. his 'dove will prove' in *Merry Wives of Windsor* (act i, sc. 3). So too the 'a' in 'have' had doubtless the same sound (A. S. hæban) and also so with 'ou' and other of Dr. Wagner's finical mis-rhymes.—G.

† As noted, 'desert' is changed to 'desart' by the Corrector. Cf. pronunciation of Derby, Berkshire, &c.—G. D

cruelties and *eies* (pp. 33-4, last line and l. 1), are admissible, and the pronunciation of the time may warrant such rhymes as *unstable* and *miserable* (p. 35, ll. 7-8); *hate* and *intemperate* (p. 39, ll. 10-11). But the above show the scantiness and defectiveness of our author's poetical resources. [Not at all.]

Notwithstanding the general fluency of the language, we meet with some archaisms not even to be found in Shakespeare's vocabulary. These, however, all occur in Spenser, and as the metre of the 'Alcilia' coincides with that of Spenser's Astrophel, the last-named poet may be assumed as our poet's model. Our author seems likewise to be familiar with Chaucer, and appeals to "*our ancient poet*,"* eulogised by Spenser as '*the well of English undefiled*.'

We now subjoin an alphabetical list of the principal archaisms of the 'Alcilia.'

Brond = *brand*, sc. '*my burning brond*' in *Love's Last Wil* and *Testament* (p. 47. l. 3). This form, though not confirmed by rhyme, must be retained on the authority of Spenser.

Carke in the alliterative expression *care* and *carke* (p, 46, l. 4). Spenser (F. Q., I. 144) has *careful carke.*

Contrary and *contrdry* are both employed by the author of the 'Alcilia,' and although the former is in accordance with the usages of society, the latter is still heard in the language of the people. Both forms occur in Spenser and Shakespeare.

Eftsoons, an obsolete word = *forthwith.* Frequent in Spenser, though in Shakespeare it only occurs once, viz., in Pericles, and here it is doubtful whether it is not adopted from the original source. The adjective *eft* = ready, occurs in Much Ado about Nothing, A. IV. sc. 2.

Gree = fr. *gré* (*en bon gré*; *en mal gré*.) Am. Prœl. (p. 7, l. 5.) It occurs in Spenser.

Intent = *intention* (Sonn. XV. p. 16). Similarly we find

* I have not, I am sorry to say, been able to discover the expression '*uncouth unkist*' in Chaucer. [See our Introduction.—G.]

repent = *repentance* (p. 38, l. 3 from bottom), and *resist* = *resistance* (p. 10, l. 6). Shortened substantive forms of this kind are not unfrequent, especially in older poets, and occur in poets of our own time who imitate older expressions.

Maker in the sense of poet, πὸιητής (Sonn. LX. p. 31), may be assumed as a well-known word, but does not occur in this sense in Shakespeare. [Neither is it used in 'Alcilia' in its sense of πὸιητής, but in its ordinary meaning.]

'*Pincons of despair*' (p. 32) is probably merely a misprint. Cf. my remark on the passage. [In his notes Dr. Wagner further annotates, "We must certainly read *pinions.* I am totally unacquainted with *pincons.*" 'Pinions' yields no possible sense here. 'Pincons' is clearly French, and it is used for 'pincers.' Cotgrave gives pinchon (he has no pincon) as a variant of *piochon*, a little pick-axe. Modern Fr. gives pinçon, a mark. Howell uses pinson. See also Halliwell, *s.v.*, for its use in 1608.]

Regiment = government occurs in Shakespeare. V. my remarks on Marlowe's Edward II. (pp. 12, 75.)

Retchless = *reckless* (p. 9, l. 7, and Sonn. 2, XXVII. p. 58, l. 3), likewise occurs in Spenser.

Shent (Sonn. VI. p, 13), is found in Shakespeare.

Sterve = die (Sonn. XXX. p. 21), frequent in Chaucer and Spenser; is not found in Shakespeare.

Ventre, arising from a careless pronunciation of *venture* [= venter.] Our poet makes *ventring* rhyme with *entring* (Sonn. XLVIII. p. 27). So Spenser (F. Q. IV. 7, 31), *ventred* and *entred.* [Cf. entred Fr. enter.]

Wist. The expression '*had I wist*' is twice employed by our poet (Sonn. LXIII. p. 32, and at the end of p. 44), both times to express repentance arising from dearbought experience. Cf. Dyce's remark on Marlowe's Edward II. II, 5, 90 (p. 61 of my edition), together with an instance from the older play of King John, from which Shakespeare took his etc. (Old Plays p. 268). '*Mylord, I took a care of* '*had I wist.*' [See also our Notes and Illustrations, *s.v.*]

One more particular remains to be noticed, which for the readers of the Shakespeare Annual may be the most important of all. A reprint of a very rare collection of poetry from Shakespeare's time scarcely requires an apology in any case. We are all aware that for a right understanding and thorough appreciation of Shakespeare, it is necessary to study him in connection with the authors of his own time. And such a collection as the 'Alcilia' possesses a particular interest as exhibiting the amateur poet of the days of Elizabeth. As we have noticed above, the author displays a certain familiarity with the requisite accomplishments of his day. He writes neat Latin verses; understands Italian; is acquainted with the classics, and composes English amatory sonnets like a miniature Spenser. He is likewise a frequenter of the playhouse, and has passages of Shakespeare ready at command.

The older version of Romeo and Juliet had appeared on the stage long before 1595, probably as early as 1592 or 1593. Nor is it to be wondered at that our poet, whose Alcilia indeed in true English style [nonsense Dr. Wagner!] has ever an eye to *the main chance*, and when her lover delays his declaration, takes the first who presents himself, should allude to that Song of Love-songs. From Sonn. 2. XL. (p. 62) we see that he languished for two years. Nor is there any reason for doubting his assertion that the 'sonnets' were composed *'at divers times and upon divers occasions'* (p. 11). He may therefore have written his second sonnet after a representation of Romeo and Juliet. In this (second) sonnet we find the expression *each sigh a wind.* In Shakespeare indeed the circumstances are quite different, yet we are forcibly reminded of the following passage (Romeo and Juliet A. III. sc. 5).

> *In one little body*
> *Thou counterfeitst a bark, a sea, a wind:*
> *For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea,*
> *Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is*
> *Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs etc.*

Cf. the words of Romeo, II. 2, 80.

By love, who first did prompt me to inquire,
He lent me counsel and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.

The same simile of sighs and winds occurs in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* A. II. sc. 3, where Launce says, '*If the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.*'

With the idea employed by the author of the 'Alcilia' in several other passages, we may likewise compare Spenser's Amoretti Sonn. LXIII.

After long storms and tempests and assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore,
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly bark was tossed sore;
I do at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair soil it seems from far and fraught with store
Of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Most happy he, that can at last achieve
The joyous safety of so sweet a rest:
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him opprest.

The following expression likewise reminds us of Romeo and Juliet. In this latter (A. II. sc. 2) we find the words

O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon.

Our poet (Sonn. 2, XIX. p. 55) has '*the inconstant moon.*' [but 'inconstant' was a commonplace of epithet, while there is no 'swearing' by the moon in 'Alcilia.']

Interesting likewise in this respect is the 56th Sonnet of the first series, which begins

The fire of love is first bred in the eye—

which cannot fail to remind us of the delightful little song in the *Merchant of Venice* (A. III. sc. 2).

Tell me, where is fancy bred
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.
It is engender'd in the eyes, etc.

We may compare Sir Walter Raleigh's verses,

> *Conceit, begotten by the eyes,*
> *Is quickly born, and quickly dies;*
> *For while it seeks our hearts to have,*
> *Meanwhile their reason makes his grave.*
> (Trench, A Household Book of English Poetry, p. 3.)

Bassanio's speech, forming a sequel to the song just quoted from the Merchant of Venice, finds an echo and expression in the lines marked by inverted commas in the 58th Sonnet of the 'Alcilia.'

> *In meanest show the most affection dwells*
> *And richest pearls are found in simplest shells.*

Such similarities are not to be lightly passed over, and, as we cannot for a moment assume that Shakespeare borrowed his ideas from the 'Alcilia,' we must, as in the case of the allusions to Romeo and Juliet, conclude that the author of the 'Alcilia' had seen the *Merchant of Venice* on the stage before 1595, and borrowed his expressions from it.

It is well-known that the date of the composition of the *Merchant of Venice* is, like much in the Chronology of Shakespeare's play, an undecided question. It is not our intention here to enter on this question, respecting which we merely refer our readers to the article by Elze in the sixth volume of the Shakespeare Annual. We may however, venture to hint at our opinion on the matter. We assume, as in the case of Romeo and Juliet, that the *Merchant of Venice* in its original form belongs to an earlier period of Shakespeare's literary productivity, and refer to this original piece, more especially the scene of the caskets, to which it appears there is an allusion in the 'Alcilia.' The fifth act of the *Merchant of Venice* must likewise in its main features have formed part of the original play, which would furnish us with a clue to the evident imitation in *Wily Beguiled*, as may be easily seen in Delius' note. As the play now stands, it was first composed in 1596 or 1597, of

which we have not the slightest doubt, following in this respect the opinion of the justly esteemed critic A. Schmidt in his introduction to the German Shakespeare Society's translation. The difference here assumed in the composition of the *Merchant of Venice* might be circumstantially indicated, but this forms no part of our present task.

And now, *missis ambagibus*, we may be permitted to introduce the 'Alcilia' itself to the notice and appreciation of the readers of our Annual, not doubting that other parallels, which have escaped our notice, may be discovered in the poem.

We may here introduce some remarks on the printed text. The last line but one in Sonnet XL. (p. 24) must be

Continual ease is pain, change's sometimes meeter,

the *'s* for *is* having dropped out before the initial *s* of *sometimes*. [Needless—the second 'is' understood (ellipsis).]

p. 26. XLV, 2, We should no doubt substitute *hast* for *had*.

p. 50, III. l. 2. We must not read *Repentance's shelf*, which would be a solecism.

p. 52. X. l. 6. *But hope's a shadow* would be preferable. [Certainly not.]

We may here expressly remark that we have made no alteration even in the frequently faulty punctuation of the original.

ALCILIA
Philoparthens Louing
Follie.

Non Deus (vt perhibent) amor eſt, ſed amaror, et error.

AT LONDON,
Printed by R R for William Mattes,
dwelling in Fleet ſtreet at the ſigne of the hande and plough.
1595.

A Letter written by a Gentleman to the Author his friende.

FRiend *Philoparthen,* in peruſing your louing folly, and your declining from it, I doe behold reaſon conquering paſſion. The infirmitie of Louing argueth you are a man, the firmeneſſe thereof diſcouereth a good witte, and the beſt nature, and the falling from it, true vertue. Beawtie was alwaies of force to miſlead the wiſeſt, & men of greateſt perfection haue had no power to reſiſt loue. The beſt are accompanied with vices to exerciſe their virtues, whoſe glorie ſhineth brighteſt in reſiſting motiues of pleaſure, & in ſubduing affections. And though I cannot altogether excuſe your Louing Folly: yet I dothe leſſe blame you, in that you loued ſuch a one, as was more to bee commended for hir virtue, then beawty, albeit euen for that too ſhe was ſo well accompliſhed with the giftes of nature, as in mine owne conceit (which for good cauſe I muſt ſubmit as inferior to yours) there was nothing wanting either in the one or the other, that might adde more to hir worth, except it were a more due, and better regard of your loue, which ſhe requited not according to your deſertes, nor anſwearable to hir ſelfe in hir other partes of perfection. Yet heerin it appeareth you haue made good vſe of reaſon, that being heeretofore loſt in youthfull vanitie, haue now by timely diſcretion founde your ſelfe. Let me entreate you to ſuffer theſe your Paſſionate Sonnets to be publiſhed, which may peraduenture make others poſſeſſed with the like humor of Louing, to follow your example in leauing, and mooue other *Alciliaes* (if there bee anie) to embrace deſeruing loue, while they may. Heereby alſo ſhe ſhall know (and it may be) inwardly repent the loſſe of your loue, and ſee how much her perfections are blemiſhed by ingratitude

which will make your happineſſe greater by adding to your reputation, then your contentment could haue beene in enioying her loue. At the leaſtwiſe the wiſer ſort, howſoeuer in cenſuring them they may diſlike of your errors : yet they cannot but commend and allow of your reformation, and all others, that ſhall with indifferency read them, may reape thereby ſome benefit, or contentment. Thus much I haue written as a teſtimonie of the good wil I beare you, with whome I doe ſuffer or reioice according to the qualitie of your good happe, or misfortune, and ſo I take my leaue, reſting, as alwaies.

Yours moſt assured,
Philaretes.

Author ipſe φιλοπάρθενος *ad libel-*
lum ſuum.

P*Arue liber Domini vanos dicture labores,*
Inſomnes noctes, ſollicitoſque dies,
Errores varios, languentis tædia vitæ,
Mœrores certos, gaudia certa minus,
Peruigiles curas, ſuſpiria, vota, querelas,
Et quæcunque pati dura coegit amor.
I precor intrepidus, duram comiterq́ue ſalutans
Hæc me eius cauſa ſuſtinuiſſe refer.
Te grato excipiet vultu rubicundula, nomen
Cum titulo inſcriptum viderit eſſe ſuum.
Forſitan & noſtri miſerebitur illa doloris,
Dicet &, ah quantum deſeruiſſe dolet:
Seq́ue nimis ſæuam, crudelemque ipſa vocabit,
Cui non eſt fidei debita cura meæ;
Quod ſiquidem eueniet, Domino ſolaminis illud,
Et tibi ſupremi muneris inſtar erit.
Si quis (vt eſt æquum) fatuos damnauerit ignes,
Pigritie fructus ingenijq́ue leuis:
Tu Dominum cecis tenebris erraſſe, ſed ipſum
Erroris tandem pœnituiſſe ſui,
Me quoque re vera nec tot, nec tanta tuliſſe,
Sed ficta ad placitum multa fuiſse refer.
Ab quanto ſatuis (niſi mens mihi vana) fuiſſet

A 3 *Iſta*

Iſta meo penitùs delituiſſe ſinu:
Quam leuia in lucem prodire, aut luce carentis
Inſanam Domini prodere ſtultitiam.
Nil amor eſt aliud, quàm mentis morbus & error.
Nil ſapienter agit, nil bene, quiſquis amat.
Sed non cuique datur ſapere, aut melioribus vti,
Forte erit alterius, qui meus error erat.
Cautior incedit, qui nunquam labitur, atqui
Iam proprio euadam cautior ipſe malo.
Si cui delicto grauior mea pœna videtur,
Illius in laudes officioſus eris.
Te ſi quis ſimili qui carpitur igne videbit,
Ille ſuam ſortem flebit, & ille meam.
Alciliæ *obsequium ſupplex præſtare memento,*
Non minima officij pars erit illa tui.
Te fortaſſe ſua ſecura recondet in arca,
Et Solis poſthæc luminis orbus eris.
Nil referet, fateor me non prudenter amaſſe;
Ultima deceptæ ſors erit illa spei.
Bis proprio Phœbus *curſu luſtrauerat orbem,*
Conſcius erroris, ſtultitiæque meæ,
A quæ primus amor cœpit penetrare medullas,
Et falſa accenſos nutrijt arte focos.
Deſino iam nugas amplecti, ſeria poſthæc
(Ut Ratio monet) ac vtiliora ſequar.

To

Amoris Prœludium.

[Vel, Epistola ad Amicam.]

TO thee *Alcilia,* ſolace of my youth,
These rude and ſcatred rimes I haue addreſſed
The certaine witneſſe of my loue, and trueth,
That truely cannot be in wordes expreſſed;
Which, if I ſhall perceiue thou tak'ſt in gree,
I will from henceforth write of none but thee.

Here may you find the wounds your ſelfe haue made,
The many ſorrowes I haue long ſuſtained,
Heere may you ſee, that Loue muſt be obaide,
How much I hop'd, how little I haue gained:
That as for you the paines haue bin endured,
Euen ſo by you they may at length be cured.

I will not call for aide to any muſe,
It is for learned Poets ſo to doo.
Affection must my want of art excuse.
My works must haue their patronage from you;
Whose ſweete aſſiſtance if obtaine I might,
I ſhould be able both to speake, and wright.

A 4 Meane

Meane while vouchſafe to reade this, as aſſignd
To no mans cenſure, but to yours alone;
Pardon the faults, that you therein ſhal finde,
And thinke the writers heart was not his owne;
Experience of examples daily prooue,
That no man can be well aduiſ'd, and loue.

Nemini datur amare ſimul & ſapere.

And though the worke it ſelfe deserue it not,
Such is your worth with my great wantes compared:
Yet may my loue vnfained, without ſpot
Challenge ſo much (if more cannot be ſpared).
Then louely virgin take this in good part.
The reſt vnseene is feald vp in the heart.

Iudge not by this the depth of my affection,
VVhich farre exceeds the meaſure of my ſkill,
But rather note heerein your owne perfection,
So ſhall appeare my want of art, not will,
VVhereof, this now as part, in lieu of greater
I offer as an inſufficient detter.

It

Sic incipit ſtultorum Tragicomedia.

IT was my chaunce (vnhappie chaunce to me)
As all alone I wandred on my waie,
Void of diſtruſt, from doubt of dangers free,
To paſſe a groue, where Loue in ambuſh lay,
Who ayming at me with his fethered dart,
Conuey'd it by mine eie vnto my hart.

VVhere retchleſſe boy he let the arrow ſticke,
VVhen I as one amaſed ſenceleſſe ſtoode.
The hurt was great, yet ſeemed but a pricke,
The wound was deepe, & yet apperd no blood,
But inwardly it bleeds. Proofe teacheth this "
VVhen wounds do ſo, the daunger greater is. "

Pauſing a while, and grieued with my wound,
I look'd about expecting ſome releefe;
Small hope of helpe, no eaſe of paine I found,
Like, all at once, to periſh in my greefe,
VVhen hastilie I plucked forth the dart,
But left the head faſt fixed in my heart.

B Faſt

Amoris Prœludium.

Faſt fixed in my hart I left the head
From whence I doubt it will not be remoued.
Ah what vnluckie chaunce that way me led,
O *Loue*, thy force thou mighſt elſewhere haue proued,
And ſhewed thy power, where thou art not obaid.
"The conqueſt ſmall, where no reſiſt is made.

But nought (alas) auailes it to complaine.
I reſt reſolu'd with patience to endure,
The fier being once diſperſt through euerie vaine
It is too late to hope for preſent cure.
Now *Philoparthen* muſt new follies proue,
And learne a little, what it is to loue.

Theſe

These Sonnets following, were written by the Au-
thor, (who giueth himselfe this fained name of *Philo-parthen* as his accidental attribute) at diuerse times,
and vpon diuers occasions, and therefore in the forme,
and matter they differ, and sometimes are quite con-
trarie one to another, which ought not to be
misliked considering the verie nature,
and qualitie of Loue, which is
a passion full of varietie, and
contrarietie in it selfe.

I

VNhappie eies that first my hart betraid,
Had you not seene, my griefe had not bin such:
And yet how may I iustlie you vpbraid,
Since what I saw delighted me so much;
But hence alas proceedeth all my smart.
Vnhappie eies that first betraid my hart.

Vt vidi, vt perij, vt me malus abstulit error.

II

To seeke aduentures, as fate hath assind;
My slender barke now flotes vpon the maine:
Each troubled thought an Oare, each sigh a wind,
VVhose often puffes haue rent my sailes in twaine.
Loue steeres the boate, which, for that sight he lacks
Is still in daunger of tenne thousand wracks.

B 2 VVhat

III

VVhat ſodain chance hath chang'd my wonted cheer
VVhich makes me other then I ſeeme to be?
My daies of ioy, that once were bright, and cleere
Are turnd to nights, my mirth to miſery.
Ah well I weene that ſomewhat is amiſſe,
but ſooth to ſay, I know not, what it is.

IIII

VVhat am I dead? then could I feele no ſmart.
But ſtill in me the ſenſe of griefe reuiueth.
Am I aliue? ah no, I haue no heart,
For ſhe that hath it, me of life depriueth.
Oh that ſhe would reſtore my heart againe,
Or giue me hirs, to counteruaile my paine.

V

If it be Loue, to waſt long howers in greefe,
If it be Loue, to wiſh, and not obtaine,
If it be Loue, to pine without releefe,
If it be Loue, to hope, and neuer gaine:
Then may you thinke, that he hath trulie loued
Who for your ſake al this, and more hath proued.

If

VI

If that in ought mine eies haue done amiſſe,
Let them receiue deſerued puniſhment,
For ſo the perfect rule of Iuſtice is,
Each for his owne deeds ſhould be praiſd or ſhent.
Then doubtleſſe is it both gainſt law, & ſenſe
My heart ſhould ſuffer for mine eies offence.

VII

I am not ſick, and yet I am not ſound;
I eat, and ſleepe, and yet me thinks I thriue not;
I ſport, and laugh, and yet my greefs abound:
I am not dead, and yet methinks I liue not.
VVhat vncouth cauſe hath theſe ſtrange paſſiōs bred, "
To make at once ſick, ſound, aliue, and dead? "

VIII

Some thing I want, but what I cannot ſay,
O now I know, it is my ſelfe I want.
My loue with hir hath tane my hart away
Yea hart, and all; and left me very ſcant.
Such power hath *Loue*, & nought but *Loue* alone, "
To make diuided creatures liue in one. "

IX

Philoparth. Come gentle Death, and ftrike me with thy dart.
Life is but lothfome to a man oppreft.
Death. How can I kill thee when thou haft no hart.
That which thou hadft, is in anothers breaft.
Philoparth. Then muft I liue, and languifh ftill in paine?
Death. Yea, till thy *Loue* reftore thy hart againe.

X

VVere *Loue* a fier, my teares might quench it lightlie.
Or were it water, my hot hart might drie it.
If ayre, then might it paffe awaie more flightlie,
Or were it Earth, the world myght foone difcrie it.
If fier, nor water, aire, nor earth it be,
VVhat then is it, that thus tormenteth me?

XI

To paint hir outward fhape, and giftes of mind,
It doth exceed my witte, and cunning farre.
She hath no fault, but that fhe is vnkind.
All other partes in hir fo complet are,
That who to view them throughly would deuife,
Muft haue his bodie nothing elfe but eies.

Faire

XII

Faire is my *Loue*, whofe partes are fo well framed
By Natures fpeciall order, and direction,
That fhe hir felfe is more then halfe afhamed,
In hauing made a worke of fuch perfection.
And well may Nature blufh at fuch a feature,
Seeing hir felfe excelled in hir creature.

XIII

Hir bodie is ftreight, flender, and vpright,
Hir vifage comely, and hir lookes demure,
Mixt with a cheerefull grace, that yeelds delight,
Hir eies like ftarres bright-fhining, cleere, and pure,
VVhich I defcribing, *Loue* bids ftaie my pen,
And faies its not a worke for mortall men.

XIIII

The auncient Poets write of Graces three,
VVhich meeting all together in one creature,
In all pointes perfect make the fame to be,
For inward vertues, and for outward feature.
But fmile *Alcilia*, and the world fhal fee,
That in thine eies a hundred Graces bee.

B 4 As

XV

As *Loue* had drawne his bow, readie to ſhoot,
Ayming at me with reſolute intent,
Straight, bow & ſhaft he caſt downe at his foot,
And ſaid, why needleſſe ſhould one ſhaft be ſpent?
Ile ſpare it then, and now it ſhall ſuffiſe
Inſteed of ſhafts to vſe *Alcilias* eies.

XVI

Bluſh not my *Loue* for feare leaſt *Phœbus* ſpy,
VVhich if he do, then doubtleſſe he will ſay,
Thou ſeek'ſt to dim his cleernes with thine eie,
That cleerneſſe, which from Eaſt brings gladſom day,
But moſt of all, leaſt *Ioue* ſhould ſee, I dreed,
And take thee vp to heauen like *Ganymede.*

XVII

Philoparthē. What is the cauſe *Alcilia* is diſpleaſed?
Loue. Bicauſe ſhe wants that which ſhould moſt content hir.
Philoparth. O did I know it, ſoone ſhould ſhe be eaſed.
Loue. Perhaps thou doſt, & that doth moſt torment hir,
Philoparth. Yet let hir aske what ſhe deſirs to haue:
Loue. Geſſe by thy ſelfe: for maidens muſt not craue.

My

XVIII

My *Loue* by chaunce hir tender finger pricked,
As in the darke I ſtriued for a kiſſe,
Whoſe bloud I ſeeing, offred to haue licked,
But halfe in anger ſhe refuſed this.
O that ſhe knew the difference of the ſmart,
Twixt hir prickd finger and my pierced hart.

XIX

I praie thee tel, what makes my hart to tremble,
VVhen on a ſodaine I *Alcilia* ſpie? *Philoparth*
Bicause thy hart cannot thy ioie diſſemble. *Loue*
Thy life, and death are both lodg'd in hir eie.
Doeſt thou not hir with ſelf ſame paſſiō ſtrike? *Philoparth*
O no, hir hart, and thine are not alike. *Loue*

XX.

Such are thy partes of bodie, and of mind,
That if I ſhould not loue thee, as I doo,
I ſhould too much degenerate from kind,
And thinke the world would blame my weakenes too.
For hee, whom ſuch perfections cannot moue,
Is either ſenceleſſe, or not borne to loue.

C *Alciliaes*

XXI

Alciliaes eies haue ſet my hart on fire,
The pleaſing obiect, that my paine doth feed:
Yet ſtill to ſee thoſe eies I doe deſire,
As if my helpe ſhould from my hart proceed.
Happie were I, might there in hir be found,
A will to heale, as there was power to wound.

XXII

Vnwiſe was he, that painted *Loue* a boy,
VVho for his ſtrength a Giant ſhould haue beene,
It's ſtraunge a child ſhould worke ſo great annoy,
Yet howſoeuer ſtraunge too truely ſeene.
" But what is he that dares at *Loue* repine,
" VVhoſe workes are wonders, and himſelfe deuine?

XXIII

My faire *Alcilia* gladly would I know it,
If euer louing paſſion peirc'd thy hart.
Oh no. For then thy kindnes ſoone would ſhow it,
And of my paines thy ſelfe would'ſt beare ſome part,
Full little knoweth hee, that hath not proued,
VVhat hell it is to loue, and not be loued.

Loue

XXIIII

Loue art thou blind? nay thou canſt ſee too well,
And they are blind, that ſo report of thee:
That thou doeſt ſee, my ſelfe by proofe can tell,
A hapleſſe proofe thereof is made by me,
For ſure I am, had'ſt thou not had thy ſight,
Thou neuer could'ſt haue hit my hart ſo right.

XXV

Long haue I languiſh'd, and endur'd much ſmart,
Since hapleſſe I the cruel faire did loue,
And lodg'd hir in the center of my hart,
VVho there abiding, reaſon ſhould hir moue,
Though of my paines ſhe no compaſſion take,
Yet to reſpect me for hir owne ſweet ſake.

XXVI

In midſt of winter ſeaſon, as the ſnow,
VVhoſe milke-white mantell ouerſpreeds the ground:
In part the colour of my loue is ſo,
Yet their effects I haue contrarie found.
For when the Sun appeares, ſnow melts anone,
But I melt alwaies, when my ſun is gone.

C 2 The

XXVII

The ſweet content at firſt I ſeem'd to proue,
While yet Deſire vnfledg'd could ſcarſely flie,
Did make me thinke, there was no life to *Loue*,
Till all too late Time taught the contrarie;
For like a flie I ſported with the flame,
Till like a foole I periſhd in the ſame.

XXVIII

After darke night the cheereful daie appeareth,
After an ebbe, the riuer flowes againe,
After a ſtorme, the cloudie heauen cleereth,
All labors haue their end, or eaſe of paine.
Each creature hath releeſe, and reſt, ſaue I,
Who onely dying liue, and liuing die.

XXIX

Sometimes I ſeeke for companie to ſport,
Whereby I might my penſiue thoughts beguile.
Sometimes againe I hide me from reſort,
And muſe alone; but yet alas the while
In chaunging place, I cannot chaunge my mind,
For whereſoere I flie, myſelfe I finde.

Faine

XXX

Faine would I ſpeake, but ſtrait my hart doth tremble,
And checks my tong, that ſhould my griefes reueale.
And ſo I ſtriue my paſſions to diſſemble,
VVhich all the art I haue cannot conceale.
Thus ſtanding mute, my hart with longing ſterueth,
It greeues a man to aske, what he deſerueth.

Meritũ pete re graue.

XXXI

Since you deſire of me the cauſe to know,
For which theſe diuerſe paſſions I haue proued,
Looke in your glaſſe, which will not faile to ſhow,
The ſhadowed pourtraict of my beſt beloued.
If that ſuffice not, looke into my hart,
VVhere it's engrauen by a new found art.

XXXII

The painefull Ploughman hath his harts delight,
VVho, though his dailie toile his bodie tireth :
Yet merrelie comes whiſtling home at night,
And ſweetlie takes the eaſe his paine requireth.
But neither daies nor nightes can yeeld me reſt
Borne to be wretched, and to liue oppreſt.

C 3 O

XXXIII

O well were it, if *Nature* would deuiſe,
That men with men together might engender,
As graftes of trees one from another riſe.
Then nought of due to wemē ſhould we render :
But vaine conceit, that *Nature* ſhould do this,
Since well we know, hir ſelfe a woman is.

XXXIIII

Vpon the Altar, where *Loues* fier burned,
My ſighes and teares for ſacrifice I offred,
VVhen *Loue* in rage from me his countenance turned,
And did reiect, what I ſo humbly proffred.
If he my hart expect, alas it's gone
" How can a man giue that is not his owne ?

XXXV

Alcilia ſaid, ſhe did not know my mind,
Bicause my wordes did not declare my loue ;
Thus where I merit moſt, leaſt helpe I find,
And hir vnkindnes all too late I proue.
Grant *Loue* that ſhe, of whom thou art neglected
May one day loue, and little be reſpected.

The

XXXVI

The **Cynicke* being aſk'd, when he would loue,
Made anſwere, when he nothing had to doo,
For *Loue* was ſloth: but he did neuer proue
By his experience, what belong'd thertoo.
For had he taſted, but ſo much as I,
He would haue ſoone reform'd his hereſie.

* *Diogenes.*

Amor eſt otioſorum negotium.

XXXVII

O iudge me not ſweet *Loue* by outward ſhow,
Though ſometimes ſtraunge I ſeem, & to neglect thee;
Yet didſt thou but my inward paſſions know,
Thou ſhould'ſt perceiue, how highly I reſpect thee.
VVhen lookes are fix'd, the hart oftimes doth tremble."
Little loues he, that cannot much diſſemble.

XXXVIII

Parting from thee,euen from my ſelfe I part,
Thou art the ſtarre by which my life is guided,
I haue the bodie but thou haſt the hart.
The better part is from it ſelfe deuided.
Thus doe I liue, and this do I ſuſtaine,
Till gracious Fortune make vs meete againe.

C 4 Open

XXXIX

Open the ſluces of my feeble eies,
And let my teares haue paſſage from their fountaine.
Fill all the earth with plaints, the aire with cries,
VVhich maie pierce rocks, & reach the higheſt mountain
That ſo Loues wrath by theſe extremes appeaſed,
My griefes maie ceaſe, and my poor hart be eaſed.

XL

" After long ſicknes health brings more delight,
" Seas ſeeme more calme by ſtormes once ouerblowne,
" The daie more cheerful by the paſſed night.
" Each thing is by his contrarie beſt knowne.
" Continuall eaſe is paine. Chaunge ſometimes meeter:
" Diſcords in Muſicke, make the Muſicke ſweeter.

XLI

Feare to offend, forbids my tongue to ſpeake,
And ſignes, and ſighes muſt tell my inward woe.
But (ay the while) my hart with greefe doth breake,
And ſhe by ſignes my ſorrowes will not know.
The ſtilleſt ſtreames wee ſee in deepeſt foords,
And *Loue* is greateſt, when it wanteth wordes.

No

XLII

No paine ſo great, but may be eaſ'd by art, "
Though much we ſuffer, yet deſpaire we ſhould not. "
In middſt of greefes, hope alwaies hath ſome part, "
And Time may heale, what Art, and Reaſon could not. "
Oh what is then this paſſion I endure,
Which neither Reaſon, Art, nor Time can cure?

XLIII

Pale Ielousie, feend of eternall night, "
Miſhapen creature, borne before thy time, "
The Impe of horror, foe to ſweet delight. "
Making each error ſeeme a haynous crime. "
Ah too great pittie, (were there remedie,) "
That ever *Loue* ſhould keepe thee company. "

XLIIII

The daies are now come to their ſhorteſt date,
And muſt in time by courſe encreaſe againe:
But onely I continue at one ſtate,
Voide of all hope of helpe, or eaſe of paine,
For daies of ioy muſt ſtill be short with mee,
And nights of ſorrow muſt prolonged bee.

Sortit: brumal.

This Sonnet vvas deuiſed vpon the ſhorteſt day of the yeare.

D ſleepe

XLV

Sleepe now my Mufe, and henceforth take thy reft,
Which all too long thy felfe in vaine had wafted:
Let it fuffice I ftill muft liue oppreft,
And of my paines the frute muft neere be tafted.
" Then fleepe my Mufe. Fate cannot be withftood.
" It's better fleepe, then wake, and do no good.

XLVI

Why fhould I loue, fince fhe doth proue vngratefull,
Since for reward I reape nought but difdaine,
Loue thus to be requited it is hatefull,
And Reafon would I fhould not loue in vaine,
Yet all in vaine, when all is out of feafon.
" For *Loue* hath no focietie with reafon.

XLVII

Harts eafe, and I haue bin at ods too long,
I follow faft, but ftill he flies from me.
I fue for grace, and yet fuftaine the wrong,
So gladly would I reconciled be:
Loue make vs one, fo fhalt thou worke a wunder,
Vniting them, that were fo farre a funder.

Vncouth

XLVIII

Vncouth vnkist our auncient *Poet ſaid, * *Chaucer:*
And he that hides his wants, when he hath need,
May after haue his want of wit bewraid,
And faile of his deſire, when others ſpeed.
Then boldly ſpeak: the worſt is at firſt entring.
Much good ſucceſſe men miſſe for lack of ventring. "

XLIX

Declare the greefes wherewith thou art oppreſt
And let the world be witneſſe of thy woes,
Let not thy thoughts lie buried in thy breaſt,
But let thy toung thy diſcontents diſcloſe,
For who conceals his paine when he is greeued, "
May well be pittied, but no way releeued. "

L

Wretched is he, that louing ſets his hart
On hir, whoſe loue from pure affection ſwerueth:
VVho doth permit each one to haue a part,
Of that which none but he alone deſerueth.
Giue all, or none. For once of this be ſure
Lordshippe and *Loue* no partners may endure.

Ne amor, ne ſignoria vuole compagnia.

D 2 VVho

LI

VVho ſpends the weary day in penſiue thought,
And night in dreames of horror, and affright,
VVhoſe wealth is want, whoſe hope is come to nought
Himſelfe the marke for *Loue* and *Fortunes* ſpight,
Let him appeere, if any ſuch there bee.
His caſe, and mine more fitly will agree.

LII

Faire tree but fruitleſſe, ſometimes full of ſap,
VVhich now yeelds nought at all, that may delight me,
Some cruell froſt, or ſome vntimely hap
Hath made thee barren onely to deſpite me.
Such trees in vaine with hope do feede deſire,
And ſerue for fuell to encreaſe *Loues* fier.

LIII

In companie, whils ſad, and mute I ſit,
My thoughts elſe where then there I ſeeme to be,
Poſſeſs'd with ſome deepe melancholy fittes,
One of my friendes obſerues the ſame in me,
And ſaies in ieſt, (which I in earneſt proue)
Hee lookes like one, that had loſt his firſt loue.

Twixt

LIIII.

Twixt Hope, and Feare in doubtfull ballance pezed,
My Fate, my Fortune, and my Loue depends.
Sometime my Hope is rais'd, when Loue is pleaſed,
VVhich feare weighs down, whē ought his wil offends.
The heauens are ſometimes cleer, & ſometimes lowre,
And he that loues muſt taſt both ſweet, and ſowre.

LV

Retyre my wandring thoughts vnto your reſt,
Do not henceforth conſume your ſelues in vaine.
No mortall man in all points can be bleſt,
What now is mine may be anothers paine.
The watrie cloudes are cleere, when ſtormes are paſt,
And things in their extreemes long cannot laſt.

LVI

The fier of *Loue* is firſt bred in the eie,
And thence conuaies the heat vnto the hart,
Where it lies hid, till Time his force diſcry.
The Toung thereto addes ſuell for his part.
The touch of lips, which doth ſucceed the ſame
Kindles the reſt, and ſo it proues a flame.

Viſus.
Sermo.
Tactus.

D 3 The

LVII

The tender ſprigges, that ſprowted in the field,
And promis'd hope of fruit to him that planted:
Inſteed of fruit doth nought but bloſſoms yeeld
Though care, & paine to prune it neuer wanted:
Euen ſo my hopes do nought but bloſſoms proue
And yeeld no fruites to recompence my loue.

LVIII

Though little ſigne of loue in ſhow appeare:
Yet thinke true loue of colors hath no need:
It's not the glorious garments, which men weare
That makes them other then they are indeed:
" In meaneſt ſhow the moſt affection dwels,
" And richeſt pearles are found in ſimpleſt ſhells.

LIX

Let not thy toung thy inward thoughts diſcloſe
Or tell the ſorrowes that thy hart endures.
Let no mans eares be witneſſe of thy woes,
Since pitie neither helpe, nor eaſe procures,
And onely he, is truely ſaid to mone,
VVhoſe greefs none knoweth but himſelf alone.

Martial Ille dolet verè qui ſi-ne teſte dolet.

A

LX

A thousand times I curse these idle rimes,
VVhich do their makers follies vaine set forth,
Yet blesse I them againe as many times,
For that in them I blaze *Alciliaes* worth.
Meane while I fare, as doth the torch by night,
Which wasts it selfe in giuing others light.

Alteri inseruiens meipsum conficio.

LXI

Enough of this. For all is nought regarded,
And she not once with my complaints is moued.
Die haples *Loue*, since thou art not rewarded ;
Yet ere thou die, to witnesse that I loued,
Report my trueth, and tell the faire vnkind,
That she hath lost, what none but she shal find.

LXII

Louers lament, you that haue truely loued,
For *Philoparthen* now hath lost his loue,
The greatest losse that euer Louer proued.
O let his hard hap some compassion moue :
VVho had not rued the losse of hir so much ;
But that he knowes the world yeelds no more such.

D 4 Vpon

LXIII

Vpon the Ocean of conceited error,
My wearie ſpirits many ſtormes haue paſt,
VVhich now in harbor free from wonted terror
Ioy the poſſeſſion of their reſt at laſt.
And henceforth ſafely may they lie at roade.
And neuer roue for had I wiſt abroad.

Loues

Loues accuſation at the iudgement ſeat of Rea- ſon, wherein the Authors whole ſucceſſe in his *Loue is couertlie deſcribed.*

IN Reaſons *Court, my ſelfe being Plantiffe there,*
Loue *was by proceſſe ſummon'd to appeare,*
That ſo the wrongs, which he had done to mee
Might be made knowne, and al the world might ſee
And ſeeing rue what to my coſt I proued,
While faithfull, but vnfortunate I loued.
After I had obtained audience,
I thus began to giue in euidence.

[The Author's Euidence againſt Loue.]

Moſt ſacred Queene and ſoueraigne of mans hart,
Which of the mind doeſt rule the better part,
Firſt bred in heauen, and from thence hither ſent,
To guide mens actions by thy regiment.
Vouchſafe a while to heare the ſad complaint,
Of him that Loue *hath long kept in reſtraint,*
And, as to you it properly belongs,
Graunt iuſtice of my undeſerved wrongs.
It's now two yeares (as I remember well)
Since firſt this wretch ſent from the nether hell
To plague the world with new found cruelties,

E *Vnder*

Vnder the ſhadow of two Chriſtall eies
Betrayd my ſenſe, and as I ſlumbring lay,
Feloniously conuai'd my hart away,
Which moſt vniuſtly he detained from mee,
And exercis'd thereon ſtraunge tyrannie.
Sometime his manner was in ſport, and game
With bryars, and thornes, to raſe and pricke the ſame
Sometime with nettles of deſire to ſting it.
Sometime with pincons of deſpaire to wring it.
Sometime againe he would anoint the ſore,
And heale the place, that he had hurt before.
But hurtfull helpes, and miniſtred in vaine,
Which ſerued onely to renew my paine.
For after that, more wounds he added ſtill,
Which perced deepe, but had no power to kill.
Unhappie med'cine, which insteed of cure
Guies ſtrength to make the patient more endure.
But that which was moſt ſtraunge of al the reſt
My ſelfe, being thus twixt life and death diſtreſt,
Oftimes when as my paine exceeded meaſure,
He would perſwade me that the ſame was pleaſure,
My ſolemne ſadnes, but contentment meete,
My trauaile reſt, and all my ſower ſweet,

My

My woundes but gentle ſtrokes ; whereat he ſmiled,
And by theſe ſlights my careleſſe youth beguiled.
Thus did I fare as one that liuing died,
(For greater paines I thinke hath no man tried,)
Diſquiet thoughts, like furies in my breaſt
Nouriſh'd the poyſon, that my ſpirits poſſeſt.
Now greefe, then ioy, now warre, then peace vnſtable.
Nought ſure I had but to be miſerable.
I cannot vtter all (I muſt confeſse)
Men may conceiue more then they can expreſse.
But to be ſhort (which cannot be excuſed)
With vaine illuſions Loue *my hope abuſed,*
Perſwading me I ſtood vpon firme ground,
When vnawares my ſelfe on ſands I found.
This is the point, which moſt I doe enforce,
That Loue *without all pittie or remorſe*
Did ſuffer me to languiſh ſtill in greefe,
Void of contentment, ſuccour or reliefe,
And when I look'd my paines ſhould be rewarded
I did perceiue that they were nought regarded.
For why (alas) theſe hapleſſe eies did ſee,
Alcilia *lou'd another more then mee.*
So in the end when I expected moſt

E 2 *My*

My hope, my loue, and fortune thus were croſt.
Proceeding further, Reaſon bad me ſtay.
For the Defendant had ſome thing to ſay,
Then to the iudge for iuſtice lowd I cried
And ſo I pauſed, and Loue *thus replied.*

[Loue's Reply to the Author.]

Since Reaſon *ought to lend indifferent eares,*
Vnto both partes, and iudge, as truth appears:
Moſt gratious Ladie giue me leaue to ſpeake
And anſwere his complaint, that ſeeks to wreak
His spight and malice on me without cauſe
In charging me to haue tranſgres'd thy lawes.
Of all his follies he imputes the blame
To me poore Loue, that nought deſerues the ſame.
Himſelfe it is, that hath abuſed mee
As by mine anſwere ſhall wel proued be.
Fond youth thou knoweſt what I for thee effected
(Though now I find it little be reſpected)
J purg'd thy wits, which was before but groſſe;
The mettell pure I ſeuered from the droſſe,
And did inſpire thee with my ſweeteſt fier,
That kindled in thee courage, and deſire
Not like vnto thoſe ſeruile paſſions,

Which

Which cumber mens imaginations
With Auarice, ambition, and vaineglorie,
Defire of things fleeting, and tranfitorie:
No bafe conceit, but fuch as powers aboue
Haue knowne, & felt, I mean th' inftinct of loue
Which making men all earthly things defpife
Tranfports them to a heauenly paradife.
Where thou complain'ft of forrows in thy hart,
Who liues on earth, but therein hath his part?
Are thefe the fruits? are thefe thy beft rewards
For all the pleafing glaunces, flie regards,
The fweet ftolne kiffes, amorous conceits,
So manie fmiles, fo manie faire entreats,
Such kindnefse, as Alcilia *did beftow*
All for my fake, as well thy felfe doest know?
That Loue *fhould thus be vfed, it is hatefull;*
But all is loft that's done for one vngratefull.
Where he alledgeth, that he was abufed
In that he trulie louing, was refufed:
That's moft vntrue, and plainly may be tried.
Who neuer afk'd, could neuer be denied.
But he affected rather fingle life
Then yoke of marriage matching with a wife.

E 3 *And*

And moſt men now make loue to none but heires,
Poore loue (God wote) that pouerty empaires.
Worldly reſpectes Loue *little doth regard,*
Who loues hath onely loue for his reward.
He meriteth a Louers name indeed
That caſts no doubts, which vaine ſuſpicion breed,
But diſperately at hazard throwes the Diſe
Neglecting due regard of friendes aduiſe;
That wrestles with his fortune and his fate,
Which had ordain'd to better his estate;
That hath no care of wealth, no feare of lacke,
But ventures forward, though he ſee his wracke.
That with Hopes *winges like* Icarus *doth flie,*
Though for his raſhneſſe he like fortune trie,
That to his fame the world of him may tell,
How, while he ſoard aloft, adowne he fell.
And ſo true Loue *awarded him this doome*
In ſcaling heauen to haue the ſea his toome.
That making ſhipwracke of his deareſt fame
Betraies himſelfe to pouertie and ſhame.
That hath no ſenſe of ſorrowe, or repent,
No dread of perils, farre or imminent,
But doth preferre before all pompe, or pelfe,

The diſcription of a foolehardie Louer.

The

The ſweet of loue as dearer then himſelfe
Who were his paſſage ſtop'd by ſword & fier,
Would make way through to compaſſe his deſire.
For which he would (though heauen & earth forbad it)
Hazard to looſe a kingdome, if he had it.
Theſe be the things, wherein I glorie most,
Whereof this my accuſer cannot boſt.
Who was indifferent to his loſſe or gaine,
And better pleas'd to faile then to obtaine.
All qualified affections Loue *doth hate*
And likes him beſt that's most intemperate.
But hence proceeds his malice, and diſpight
While he himſelfe barres of his owne delight.
For when as he Alcilia *firſt affected*
Like one in ſhow that loue little reſpected,
He maſqu'd diſguis'd, and intertaind his thought,
With hope of that which he in ſecret ſought;
And ſtill forbare to vtter his deſire
Till his delay receiu'd hir worthy hier,
And well we know, what maides themſelues would haue
Men must ſue for, and by petitions craue,
But he regarding more his wealth, then will
Had little care his fancie to fulfill.

Yet

Yet when he ſawe Alcilia *lou'd another,*
The ſecret fier, which in his breſt did ſmother
Began to ſmoake, and ſoone had prou'd a flame,
If Temperance *had not allaied the ſame,*
Which afterward ſo quench'd he did not find,
But, that ſome ſparks remained ſtill behind.
Thus when time ſeru'd, he did refuſe to craue it
And yet enuied another man ſhould haue it. *(ſure*
As though, faire maids ſhould wait at yoong mens plea-
While they, twixt ſport and earneſt, loue at leaſure:
Nay at the firſt, when it is kindlie proffred,
Maides muſt accept, leaſt twiſe it be not offred.
Elſe though their beauty ſeeme their good t'importune,
Yet may they looſe the better of their fortune.
Thus as this fonding coldlie went about it;
So in the end he cleerelie went without it,
For while he doubtfull ſeem'd to make a ſtay,
A Mungrell ſtole the maidens hart away:
For which though he lamented much in ſhow,
Yet was he inward glad it fell out ſo.
Now Reaſon *you may plainely iudge by this*
Not I, but he the falſe diſſembler is,
Who while fond hope his luke warme loue did feed,
Made

Made ſigne of more than hee ſuſtain'd indeed,
And fill'd his rimes with fables & with lies
Which without paſſion he did oft deuiſe,
So to delude the ignorance of ſuch,
That pittied him, thinking he lou'd too much,
And with conceit rather to ſhew his wit
Then manifeſt his faithfull loue by it.
Much more then this could I lay to his charge
But time would faile to open all at large:
Let this ſuffice to ſhew his bad intent,
And proue that Loue *is cleare, and innocent.*
Thus at the length though late he made an end,
And both of us did earneſtly attend
To finall iudgement Reaſon *ſhould award,*
When thus ſhe gan to ſpeake. With due regard
The matter hath bin heard on either ſide,
For iudgement you muſt longer time abide.
The cauſe is waightie and of great import,
And ſo ſhe ſmiling did adiorne the Court:
Little auail'd it then to argue more,
So I return'd in worſe caſe then before.

F *Loue*

Loue Descyphered.

L*Oue* and I are now deuided.
Conceit by error was misguided.
Alcilia hath my loue despised.
" No man loues, that is aduised.
" Time at length hath trueth detected.
Loue hath miss'd, what he expected.
Yet missing that, which long he sought,
I haue found, that, I little thought.
Errors in time may be redrest,
" The shortest follies are the best.

Loue and *Youth* are nowe asunder,
Reasons glorie, *Natures* wonder.
My thoughts long bound are now enlarg'd,
My follies pennance is dicharg'd,
Thus Time hath altered my estate.
" *Repentance* neuer comes too late.
Ah well I finde that *Loue* is nought,
But follie, and an idle thought.
The difference is twixt *Loue* and mee,
That he is blind, and I can see.

Loue

Loue is hunnie mixt with gall.
A thraldome free, a freedom thrall.
A bitter ſweet, a pleaſant ſower.
Got in an yeare, loſt in an hower.
A Peacefull warr, a warlike peace,
Whoſe wealth brings want, whoſe want, encreaſe.
Full long purſuit, and little gaine.
Vncertaine pleaſure, certaine paine.
Regard of neither right nor wrong.
For ſhort delights Repentance long.

Loue is a ſickenes of the thought.
Conceit of pleaſure dearely bought.
A reſtleſſe paſſion of the minde.
A Laborinth of errors blinde.
A ſugred poyſon, faire deceit,
A baite for fooles, a furious heat,
A chilling cold, a wondrous paſſion,
Exceeding mans imagination,
Which none can tell in whole, nor part,
But onely he, that feeles the ſmart.

F 2 *Loue*

Loue is ſorrow mixt with gladneſſe,
Feare with hope, and hope with madneſſe.
Long did I loue, but all in vaine,
I louing was not loued againe,
For which my hart ſuſtain'd much woe,
It fittes not maides to vſe men ſo.
Iuſt deſertes are not regarded,
Neuer loue ſo ill rewarded,
But all is loſt, that is not ſought
" Oft witts proued beſt, that's deareſt bought.

Wemen were made for mens reliefe
To comfort, not to cauſe their greefe.
Where moſt I merite, leaſt I finde,
No meruaile, ſince that loue is blinde.
Had ſhe bin kind, as ſhe was faire,
My caſe had bin more ſtraunge, and rare.
But wemen loue not by deſert,
Reaſon in them hath weakeſt part.
Then henceſoorth let them loue that liſt,
I will beware of Had I wiſt.

Theſe

Thefe faultes had better bin concealed,
Then to my fhame abroad reuealed:
Yet though my youth did thus mifcarrie
My harmes may make others more warie.
Loue is but a youthfull fitte,
And fome men fay it's figne of witte;
But he that loues as I haue done,
So paffe the day and fee no funne:
Muft chaunge his note, and fing *Erraui*,
Or elfe may chaunce to crie *Peccaui*.

The longeft day muft haue his night,
Reafon triumphs in *Loues* defpight.
I follow now *Difcretions* lore,
Henceforth to like, but loue no more.
Then gently pardon what is paft,
For *Loue* drawes onward to his laft,
He walkes (they fay) with warie eie, "
Whose footfteps neuer tread awrie. "
My mufe a better worke intends,
And heere my louing folly ends.

F 3 After

After long ftormes, and tempeftes paft
I fee the hauen at the laft,
Where I muft reft my wearie barke,
And there vnlade my care, and carke,
My paines and trauailes long endured,
And all my wounds muft there be cured.
Joyes out of date fhall be renued.
To thinke of perils paft efchued.
When I shall fit full blith, and iollie,
And talke of louers, and their folly.

Then *Loue* and *Folly* both adieu.
Long haue I bin mifled by you.
Folly may new aduentures try,
But *Reafon* faies, that *Loue* muft die,
Yea die indeed, although it greeue him,
For my cold hart cannot releeue him,
Yet for hir fake, whom once I loued,
(Though al in vain, as *Time* hath proued)
Ile take the paine, (if fhe confent)
To write his will and Teftament.

Loues laſt Will and Teſtament.

MY spirit I bequeath vnto the ayre.
My bodie ſhall vnto the earth repaire.
My burning brond vnto the Prince of hell,
T'increaſe mens paines, that there in darknes dwell.
For well I weene aboue, nor vnder ground
A greater paine, then that may not be found.
My ſweet conceites of pleaſure and delight
To Erebus, *and to eternall night.*
My ſighes, my teares, my paſſions, and laments
Diſtruſt, deſpaire, all theſe my howrely rents,
With other plagues, that Louers minds enthral
Vnto Obliuion *I bequeath them all.*
My broken bow, and ſhaftes I giue to Reaſon
My cruelties, my ſlights and forged treaſon
To wemenkind, and to their ſeed for aye,
To wreake their ſpight, and worke poore mens decay,
Reſeruing onely for Alciliaes *part*
Small kindneſſe, and leſſe care of louers ſmart;
For ſhe is from the vulgar ſort excepted,
And had ſhe Philoparthens *loue reſpected,*
Requiting it with like affection,

F 4 *She*

She might haue had the praiſe of all perfection.
This done, If I haue any faith, and troth
To Philoparthen *I aſſigne them both*;
For vnto him of right they do belong,
Who truely louing ſuffred too much wrong.
Time *ſhalbe ſole executor of my will,*
Who may theſe things in order due fulfill.
To warrant this my Teſtament for good,
I haue ſubſcrib'd it with my dying blood.

And ſo he died that all this bale had bred,
And yet my hart miſdoubts he is not dead.
For ſure I feare ſhould I *Alcilia* ſpie,
She might eftſoones reuiue him with hir eie,
Such power deuine remaineth in hir ſight,
To make him liue againe in deaths diſpight.

Theſe

ALCILIA.

These Sonnets following were written by the Author after he began to decline from his paſ-*ſionate affection & in them hee ſemeth to pleaſe* himſelfe with deſcribing the vanitie of loue, the frailtie of beautie, and the ſower fruites of Re-pentance.

I

NOw haue I ſpun the web of my owne woes
And labour'd long to purchaſe my owne loſſe.
Too late I ſee I was beguil'd with ſhowes.
And that, which once ſeem'd gold, now proues but (droſſe.
Thus am I both of helpe & hope bereaued ;
He neuer tried that neuer was deceiued.

Chi non ſi fida non viene ingannato.

II

Once did I loue, but more then once repent,
When vintage came, my grapes were ſower, or rotten.
Long time in greeſe, and penſiue thoughts I ſpent,
And all for that, which *Time* hath made forgotten.
O ſtraunge effects of *Time*, which once being loſt,
Makes men ſecure of that they loued moſt.

G Thus

III

Thus haue I long in th'aire of error houer'd,
And runne my ship vpon Repentance ſhelfe.
Trueth hath the vaile of Ignorance vncouer'd
And made me ſee, and ſeeing know my ſelfe.
Of former follies now I muſt repent,
And count this work part of my time ill ſpent.

IIII

" What thing is *Loue?* a Tyrant of the mind
" Begot by heat of youth, brought forth by ſloth,
" Nurſ'd with vaine thoughts, and changing as the wind
" A deepe diſſembler, void of faith, and troth,
" Fraught with fond errors, doubts, diſpite, diſdaine
" And all the plagues, that earth and hell containe.

V

Like to a man, that wanders all the day,
Through waies vnknowē to ſeek a thing of worth
And at the night ſees he hath gone aſtray,
As neere his end, as when he firſt ſet forth:
Such is my caſe, whose hope vntimely croſt
After long errors proues my labour loſt.

Fail'd

VI

Fail'd of that hap, whereto my hope aſpired
Depriu'd of that which might haue bin mine owne.
Another now muſt haue that I deſired,
And things too late by their euents are knowne.
Thus do wee wish for that cannot be got,
And when it may then wee regard it not.

VII

Ingratefull *Loue*, ſince thou haſt plaid thy part,
Enthralling him, whom *Time* hath ſince made free,
It reſts for me to vſe both wit, and art,
That of my wrongs I may reuenged bee;
And in thoſe eies, where firſt thou took'ſt thy fier,
Thy ſelfe ſhalt periſh through my cold deſire.

VIII

Greeue not thy ſelfe for that cannot be had,
And things once cureleſſe let them careleſſe reſt,
Blame not thy fortune, though thou deeme it bad.
What's paſt, and gone, will neuer be redreſt.
The onely helpe for that cannot be gained "
Is to forget it might haue bin obtained. "

G 2 How

IX

How happy once did I my ſelfe eſteeme,
While *Loue* with hope my fond deſire did cheriſh
My ſtate as bliſſefull as a Kings did ſeeme,
Had I bin ſure my ioyes ſhould neuer periſh.
The thoughts of men are fed with expectation
" Pleaſures themſelues are but imagination.

X

Why ſhould we hope for that which is to come
Where the euent is doubtfull, and unknowne
Such fond preſumptions ſoone receiue their doome,
When thinges expected wee count as our owne,
Whoſe iſſue oftimes in the end proues nought,
But hope a ſhadow, and an idle thought.

XI.

In vaine do wee complaine our life is ſhort,
Which wel diſpos'd great matters might effect,
While wee our ſelues in toyes, and idle ſport
Conſume the better part without reſpect,
And careles, as though time ſhould never end it
Twixt ſleepe, and waking, prodigally ſpend it.

Youth-

XII

Youthfull defire is like the fommer feafon,
That laftes not long, for winter muft fucceed:
And fo our paffions muft giue place to reafon,
And riper yeares more ripe effectes muft breed
Of all the feede Youth fowed in vaine defires,
I reaped nought, but thiftles, thornes, & bryers.

XIII

To erre, and do amiffe, is giuen to men by kind.
Who walkes fo fure, but fometime treads awry?
But to continue ftill in errors blind
A bad and beftial nature doth defcry.
Who proues not, failes not, & brings nought to end.
Who proues and failes, may afterward amend.

Chi non fa non falla chi falla l'amenda.

XIIII

There was but one, and doubtleffe fhe the beft,
Whom I did more, then all the world efteeme.
She hauing faild I difauowe the reft,
For now I finde thinges are not, as they feeme,
" Default of that, wherein our will is croft,
" Oftimes vnto our good auaileth moft.

G 3 I

XV

Chi va, & ritorna, fa buon viaggio.

I fare like him, who now his land-hope ſpent
By vnknowne ſeas ſailes to the Indian ſhore,
Returning thence no richer then he went,
Yet cannot much his fortune blame therefore,
Since who ſo ventures forth vpon the Mayne
Makes a good mart, if he returne againe.

XVI

Louers conceites are like a flatring Glaſſe,
That makes the lookers fairer then they are,
Who pleaſ'd in their deceit contented paſſe:
Such one was mine, who thought there was none fair,
None wittie, modeſt, vertuous but ſhee,
Yet now I finde the glaſſe abuſed mee.

XVII

Adieu fond *Loue*, the mother of all error,
Repleat with hope and feare, with ioy and paine:
Falſe fier of fancy, full of care and terror,
Shadow of pleaſures, fleeting, ſhort, and vaine.
Die lothed *Loue*, receiue thy lateſt doome
Night be thy graue, *Obliuion* be thy Toome.

Who

XVIII

Who would be rapt vp into the third heauen
To ſee a world of ſtraunge imaginations :
Who careleſſe would leaue all at ſix, and ſeuen
To wander in a Laborinth of paſſions :
Who would at once all kindes of folly proue :
When he hath nought to do, then let him loue.

Nihil agen do malè age re discimus.

XIX

What thing is *Beautie?* *Natures* deereſt minion "
The ſnare of youth, like the inconſtant moone "
Waxing and waning, error of opinion, "
A mornings flower, that withereth ere noone "
A ſwelling fruit, no ſooner ripe then rotten, "
Which ſicknes makes forlorne, and Time forgotten. "

XX

The ſpring of youth which now is in his prime,
Winter of Age with hoary froſtes ſhall nippe,
Beautie ſhal then be made the pray of Time
And ſower remorſe deceitful pleaſures whippe.
Then henceforth let Diſcretion rule Deſire,
And *Reaſon* quench the flame of *Cupids* fier.

G 4 O

XXI

O what a life was that ſometime I led,
When *Loue* with paſſions did my peace incumber,
While like a man neither aliue nor dead
I was rapt from my ſelfe, as one in ſlumber,
Whoſe idle ſenſes charm'd with fond illuſion
Did nouriſh that, which bred their owne confuſion.

XXII

The child for euer after dreads the fier,
That once therewith by chaunce his finger burned
Water of *Time* diſtild doth coole deſire,
And farre he ran (they ſay) that neuer turned.
After long ſtormes I ſee the port at laſt,
Folly farewell, for now my loue is paſt.

XXIII

Baſe ſeruile thoughtes of men too much deiected,
That ſeeke, and crouch, and kneele for wemens grace,
Of whom your paine, and ſeruice is neglected.
Your ſelues diſpis'd. Riuals before your face.
The more you ſue, the leſſe you ſhall obtaine.
The leſſe you win, the more ſhall be your gaine.

In

XXIIII

In looking backe vnto my follies paſt,
While I the preſent with times paſt compare,
And thinke how many howers I then did waſt,
Painting on cloudes, and building in the ayre,
I ſigh within my ſelfe, and ſay, in ſadnes
This thing, which fooles cal *Loue* is nought but madnes

XXV

The thinges wee haue, we moſt of all neglect, "
And that we haue not, greedily we craue, "
The things wee may haue, litle we reſpect, "
And ſtill we couet, that wee can not haue. "
Yet howſoe're in our conceit we priſe them, "
No ſooner gotten, but we ſtraight deſpiſe them. "

XXVI

Who ſeats his loue vpon a womans will,
And thinkes thereon to build a happie ſtate,
Shall be deceiu'd, when leaſt he thinkes of ill,
And rue his folly, when it is too late.
He ploughs on ſand, and ſowes vpon the wind,
That hopes for conſtant loue in wemenkinde.

H I

XXVII

I will no longer ſpend my time in toyes,
Seeing *Loue* is error, folly, and offence,
An idle fitte for fond, and retchleſſe boyes,
Or elſe for men depriu'd of common ſenſe.
Twixt *Lunacy*, and *Loue* theſe ods appeare,
Th'one makes fooles monthly, th'other all the yeare.

XXVIII

While ſeaſon ſeru'd to ſow, my plough lay ſtil,
My graftes vnſet, when others trees did bloome,
I ſpent the ſpring in ſloth, and ſlept my fill,
But neuer thought of winters cold to come,
Till ſpring was paſt, the ſommer wel nigh gone,
When I awak'd, and ſaw my harueſt none.

XXIX

Now *Loue* ſits all alone in black attyre,
His broken bow, and arrowes lying by him.
His fier extinct, that whilom fed deſire.
Himſelfe the ſcorne of louers, that paſſe by him,
Who this day freely may diſport and play,
For it is *Philoparthens* holie day.

Nay

XXX

Nay thinke not *Loue* with all thy cunning flight
To catch me once againe. Thou com'ſt too late,
Sterne Induſtrie puts Idleneſſe to flight,
And *Time* hath chaunged both my name and ſtate.
Then ſeek elſewhere for mates, that may befrend thee
For I am buſie, and cannot attend thee.

Otia ſi tollas periere Cupidinis arcus.

XXXI

Looſe Idleneſſe, the nurſe of fond deſire,
Roote of all ils, that do our youth betide
That whilom didſt through loue my wracke conſpire,
I baniſh thee, and rather wiſh t'abide
All auſtere hardneſſe, and continuall paine,
Then to reuoke thee, or to loue againe.

XXXII

The time will come, when looking in a glaſſe,
Thy riueled face with ſorrow thou ſhalt ſee,
And ſighing ſay, it is not as it was,
Theſe cheekes were wont more freſh, & faire to bee.
But now what once made me ſo much admired,
Is leaſt regarded, and of none deſired.

H 2 Though

XXXIII

Though thou be faire, thinke *Beauty* but a blaſt,
A mornings dewe, a ſhadow quickly gon,
A painted flower, whoſe colour will not laſt.
Time ſteales away, when leaſt we thinke thereon
Moſt pretious time, too waſtfully expended,
Of which alone the ſparing is commended.

Temporis ſolius honeſta eſt auaritia.

XXXIIII

How vaine is Youth, that croſs'd in his deſire
Doth frette and fume, and inwardly repine,
As though 'gainſt heauē it ſelf he would conſpire
And with his frailtie 'gainſt his fate combine.
Who of it ſelfe continues conſtant ſtill,
And doth vs good oftimes againſt our wil.

XXXV

In prime of Youth when years, & Wit was ripe,
Vnhappie Will to ruine led the way.
Wit daunc'd about, when Folly gan to pipe,
And Will, and he together went aſtray.
Nought then but pleaſure was the good they ſought,
Which now *Repentance* proues too deerely bought.

He

XXXVI

He that in matters of delight, and pleafure,
Can bridle his outrageous affection,
And temper it in fome indifferent meafure
Doth proue him felue a man of good direction.
In conquering Will true courage moft is fhowne,
And fweete temptations make mens vertues knowne.

Eft virtus placitis ab ftinuiffe bonis.

XXXVII

Each naturall thing by courfe of kind we fee,
In his perfection long continueth not.
Fruites once full ripe, will then fall from the tree,
Or in due time not gathered foone wil rot.
It is decreed by doome of powers deuine,
Things at their height muft thence againe decline.

Inuida fatorum feries fummifque negatū. Stare diu.

XXXVIII

Thy large smooth forehead wrinckled fhal appeare,
Vermilion hue to pale, and wan fhall turne.
Time fhall deface, what Youth hath held moft deere.
Yea thofe cleere eies which once my hart did burne
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,
And yeeld more caufe of terror, then delight.

H 3 Loe

XXXIX

Loe heere the record of my follies paſt,
The fruites of wit vnſtaid, and howers miſpent.
Full wiſe is he, that perils can forecaſt,
And ſo by others harmes his owne preuent.
All worldly pleaſure, that delites the ſence,
Is but a ſhort ſleepe, and times vaine expence.

Quanto piace al mondo, è breue ſogno.

XL

The Sunne hath twiſe his annuall courſe perform'd,
Since firſt vnhappie I began to loue,
Whoſe errors now by Reaſons rule reform'd
Conceites of loue but ſmoake, and ſhadowes proue.
Who of his ſolly, ſeekes more praiſe to win,
Where I haue made an end let him begin.

J. C.

FINIS.

NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

Page 3, *A Letter*, &c., l. 2, '*declining*' = decline from, *i.e.*, leave = falling from. 'Philoparthen' leaves his 'Alcilia,' gives up his 'love' or foolishness, as he came to regard it; l. 6, '*witte*' = understanding or intellect. See on p. 36, l. 19: also in this Letter, l. 23; l. 13, '*affections*' = passions — what was 'affected' and intensely sought; l. 14, '*in that you loued ſuch a one,*' &c. — shows that 'Alcilia' was a real personality and the 'Louing Folly' real — see Introduction.

,, 4, l. 6, '*indifferency*' = impartiality — since deteriorated; last line, '*Philaretes*' — see Introduction.

,, 5, *Author ipſe*, &c. — see Introduction for verse-translation of this by my gifted friend the Rev. Richard Wilton, M.A., the poet of "Wood-notes and Church-Bells," &c., &c.

,, 7, l. 2, '*Vel,*' &c. — here and in the sequel, I fill in from the 1619 edition; l. 7, '*in gree*' = French Gré, good will, liking; l. 20, '*wright*' — a frequent contemporary spelling: but here to agree (a common practice at that time) with 'might.' See also '*detter*' in last line of next page: p. 19, xxiv, l. 5, xlvii, l. 5, &c., &c.

,, 8, l. 2, '*cenſure*' = judgment — not intended originally to have been published. See Letter, p. 3, l. 7 (from bottom); l. 5, '*prooue*' — partly metr. gratia, partly from nearer position of 'examples,' the verb is in the plural when now we would have used the singular; l. 6, '*no man,*' &c. — a very frequent sentiment in the love-verse of the period; last l., "*detter* = debtor. See above on p. 7, l. 20.

,, 9, l. 3, '*doubt*' = fear, fore-feeling; l. 7, '*retchleſſe*' = reckless. So p. 58, l. 3 — *not* = 'wanting in ruth or pity'; l. 8, '*amaſed*' = put into a maze or muse, confounded; l. 16, in the original punctuated simply with a comma after 'greefe' — here and occasionally to guard against doubtful meanings or misreading, I have added to the punctuation — '*like*' = probable, seeming, about. Dr. Wagner annotates, "*i.e.*, according to the usual language of the period, equivalent to likely."

,, 10, l. 2, '*doubt*' — see on p. 9, l. 3; l. 6, '*reſiſt*' = resistance — I have not met with this diminutive elsewhere.

,, 11, Heading — *Theſe Sonets*, &c. — see Introduction.

Stanza II, l. 1, '*aſſind*' = assigned; l. 5, '*for that . . . . . he lacks*' — in the original a mark of interrogation (?) is placed after 'lackes' by

mistake, and so ? frequently represents our exclamation (!) I have deleted '?' Dr. Wagner rightly annotates—"There should certainly be no note of interrogation, *for that* meaning *quoniam* (inasmuch as). Cf. Sonnet LX."

Stanza III, l. 2, '*Which*'—qu. error for 'What'? *i.e.*, with a comma after 'cheer' in l. 1: but the ante-cedent may be 'sodain chance.'

,, VI, l. 4, '*shent*' = blamed, condemned.

,, VII, l. 5, '*vncouth*' = strange, unknown.

,, X, l. 1, '*lightlie*' = easily, readily.

,, XI, l. 6, '*nothing else but eies*' = Argus.

,, 12, l. 5, '*feature*' = making or thing made. So in Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Sir Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, &c., &c.

,, XIII, l. 4, '*bright-shining*'—I have inserted the hyphen, as the absence of a comma shows it was meant for a compound epithet. So elsewhere.

,, XIV, l. 5, '*throughly*'—"*Throughly* for *thoroughly* was used all through the seventeenth century. On the other hand we find *thorough* for *through* in more than one passage" (Dr. Wagner).

,, XV, l. 3. In the original the comma is misplaced after 'bow' instead of after 'Straight.'

,, XVI, l. 3, '*cleernes*' = brightness, Latin *clarus*; l. 5, '*least*' = lest.

,, XVII, l. 2, '*she wants*,' *i.e.*, equivalent to *lacks*—she is" in want of" (Dr. Wagner)—*caret* Scoticism.

,, XIX, l. 1, '*to*'—"to, would not now be admissible; but the Elizabethan writers occasionally use *to* after *make*" (Dr. Wagner). Certainly so do Victorian writers, and with perfect accuracy.

,, XXI, l. 4, '*hart*'—one queries 'hurt'? But throughout he plays on 'hart,' *i.e.*, heart, and I have not corrected it. Perhaps the Reader will smile at my conservatism. But see st. xxxi, ll. 5-6. I just observe Dr. Wagner reads 'hurt.'

,, XXII, l. 1, '*Loue a boy*'—another frequent common-place of contemporary and later love-verse. The legend of St. Christopher and the 'Holy Child' is often accommodated (so to say) to love-passions.

,, XXV, '*yet to respect me*'—"*ut me respiciat* = to conceive some regard for me" (Dr. Wagner).

,, XXVI, l. 5, '*anone*' = anon.

,, XXXI, l. 2, '*proued*' = tried or experienced—a favourite word with the Author and his contemporaries.

,, XXXII, l. 1, '*painefull*' = painstaking, persevering, toiling.

,, XXXIII. See Introduction for parallel from Sir Thomas Browne.

,, XXXV, l. 6, '*respected*' = attended to, looked back on.

,, XXXVII, l. 6, '*dissemble*' = conceal = the silent love of st. xxxv.

,, XXXIX. As in the original copy, this sonnet is incorrectly numbered xxxviii (thus repeating the numeral), all the following numbers

are wrong by one, I have considered myself justified in correcting the inaccuracy (Dr. Wagner). So have I.

Stanza XLIII, l. 3, '*Impe*' = child. Margin: the Corrector reads 'Solſtit'—I had substituted 'sortit' before I knew this.

„ XLV, l. 2, '*had*'—probably a misprint for 'hath.'

„ XLVI, l. 3, '*Loue*,' &c. = it is hateful for Love to be thus requited; l. 6, '*For Loue*,' &c.—see p. 8, st. i, l. 6.

„ XLVII, l. 5, '*wunder*'= wonder—so spelled because of 'sunder' (l. 6).

„ XLVIII, l. 1, '*Chaucer*'—see Introduction; l. 6, '*ſucceſſe*' = following, equal, &c. See on p. 33 heading, l. 2.

„ L, l. 5, '*For once*' = for once or for all time.

„ LII, l. 1, '*ſometimes*' = some time, *i.e.*, some past time. I have punctuated comma after '*fruitleſſe*.'

„ LIII. I have deleted comma after '*where*' (l. 2) and '*poſſeſſed*' (l. 3); Dr. Wagner, l. 3, would read 'fitte.'

„ LIIII, l. 1, '*pezed*' = poised, peized, Fr. peser.

„ LVI, l. 1, '*ſprigges*'—singular verb 'doth' (l. 3) after nom. plural, the word 'that' intervening. So Shakespeare, Sir Robert Chester, &c., but see Introduction.

„ LVIII, l. 2, '*colors*' = lovers wearing their mistress's 'colours'; l. 4, '*indeed*'—qu., in deed?

„ LX, l. 4, '*blaze*'= blason.

„ LXII, l. 5, '*rued*'= lamented, pitied himself for loss of.

„ LXIII, l. 4, '*Ioy*'=enjoy; l. 6, '*had I wiſt*'—a frequent contemporary proverbial saying as in Nicholas Breton, Davies of Hereford, &c., &c. It cannot here mean 'Had I known'; but it may mean what he so frequently complains of, viz., his want of determination in declaring his love, his dilly-dallying. See next lines.

Page 33, Heading, l. 2, '*ſucceſſe*'= successions or happening, with sequel or result implied. See on p. 27, st. xlviii, l. 6; l. 8, '*rue*'= pity, shew 'ruth'; *ibid.*, '*proued*'=experienced, as *frequenter*; l. 13, '*Moſt ſacred*,' &c.—see Introduction on this line; l. 16, '*regiment*'= rule, governance.

„ 34, l. 7, '*rase*'—a good example that 'rase' did not always equal our 'erase'; l. 9, '*pincons*'—see Dr. Wagner's Introduction on this word, corrected.

„ 35, l. 2, '*ſlights*'= sleights.

„ 36, l. 7, '*indifferent*'= impartial; l. 18, '*reſpected*'= thought of; l. 19, '*wits*'—see Introduction on this line.

„ 37, l. 1, '*heires*'= heiresses; l. 17, '*doome*'= judgment; l. 21, '*repent*'—metr. gr. as 'reſiſt' on p. 10, l. 6; last line—I delete comma after 'before' and place it after 'preferre.'

„ 39, l. 10, '*qualified affections*'—"*i.e.*, every affection attended by a

qualification" (Dr. Wagner); l. 15, '*respected*'= thought upon or looked on, as before; l. 22, '*wile*'= weal: but cf. p. 38, l. 1.

Page 40, l. 8, '*envied*' for *énvied* is the usual accentuation of the time. Cf. "my remarks on Marlowe's *Edward II.*, act i, sc. 1" (Dr. Wagner); l. 10—I delete comma after sport, and punctuate comma after 'they' and 'earneſt'—love is a verb and 'earneſt' a noun; l. 15, '*fonding*'= fool, *fondling* =darling.

,, 42, l. 12, '*Reaſons*,' &c. = himself 'Reason's glorie,' Alcilia, 'Nature's wonder'; l. 14, '*dicharg'd*'—"it cannot be decided whether *dicharg'd* is for *decharged* (an unusual form), or a misprint for *discharged*" (Dr. Wagner). 'di' for 'de' is frequent in *Alcilia.*

,, 44, l. 10, '*witts*'= witt's, *i.e.*, wit = wisdom is.

,, 46, l. 4, '*carke*'= anxious thoughts, Fr. souci, solicitude, Cotgrave—still Scotice and 'carking.'

,, 49, st. ii, l. 6, '*ſecure*'—odd use of the word; st. iii, l. 3, '*vaile of ignorance*'= the vail which makes me ignorant—*not* Ignorance personified; st. iiii, l. 5, '*fond*'= foolish; st. v, last l.—see Introduction; st. xxiii, ll. 5–6 = the more you sue the more shall be your gaine! st. xxv, l. 3, '*reſpect*'= think of or look on, as before; st. xxvii, l. 3, '*retchleſſe*'= reckless; st. xxix, l. 6, '*holie day*' = holiday—antecedent of '*Who*' (l. 5) is '*louers*' (l. 4); st. xxxi, l. 6, '*reuoke*'= call back; st. xxxii, l. 2, "*riueled*"= wrinkled; st. xxxvi, l. 3, '*indifferent*' = impartial, as before; st. xl—see Introduction on this stanza and on the initials 'J. C.'—G.

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XXV. ALCILIA.

Page 15, st. xiii., '*demure*'—in good sense.

" 59, st. xxxii. l. 2, '*riueled*' = wrinkled. See Skeat, *s.v.*, where Cowper and Dryden are quoted.

" 33 ff.—This poem is imitated from the French of Des Portes; but all the directly personal part (beginning "Where he alledgeth" on p. 37, and down to the end of Love's speech) has no representative in the French. With regard to the parallel to *Religio Medici*, it was inevitably recalled, but perhaps Sir Thomas Browne had rather seen Alcilia than Montaigne. I am ignorant of the exact nature of Paracelsus' plan for producing man, also referred to by the commentators on *Religio Medici*. Hippolytus, in *Euripides*, wishes that we could deposit a good round sum of money in the temple of Zeus and receive the value of it in children.

I am (in a good sense) gratefully proud to be able to add here the following poem by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE ("Studies in Song," 1880):—

THE RESURRECTION OF ALCILIA.

(Gratefully inscribed to Dr. A. B. GROSART.)

Sweet song-flower of the Mayspring of our song,
Be welcome to us, with loving thanks and praise
To his good hand who travelling on strange ways
Found thee forlorn and fragrant, lain along
Beneath dead leaves that many a winter's wrong
Had rained and heaped through nigh three centuries' maze
Above thy Maybloom, hiding from our gaze
The life that in thy leaves lay sweet and strong.
For thine have life, while many above thine head
Piled by the wind be blossomless and dead.
So now disburdened of such load above,
That lay as death's own dust upon thee shed,
By day too deaf to hear thee like a dove
Murmuring, we hear thee, bird of flower and love.—(pp. 133-4.)

One or two from whom better things might have been expected begrudged me this tribute, and rushed 'into print' to announce that Dr. Wagner had preceded me (in 1875)—with fine ingenuousness concealing that, over and over, in my Introduction, I have given the German his deserved (though critical) praise for what he had done. Of course Mr. Swinburne had in his thought the 'resurrection' for "our eyes" in England.